

# The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.  
June, 1912



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# The Oread

Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 9

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## Editorials



As the month of June approaches, the first thought that enters the mind of high-school scholars is of the close of school and Commencement. "Commencement" appears to be a rather contradictory term, for the reason that it means the end of the high school course. This is true in one sense, and yet commencement is really the beginning—the time when we should leave off our schoolday habits and pastimes and settle down to life's real work.

Some of the graduating students will continue their studies in college or university, where they will fit themselves for their future careers. To these, perhaps, commencement does not seem so much like the end of school-days, for in a measure the college life will be similar to the high school life. Yet in another way, it will be far different. The college life will be much broader; it will give the advantages of meeting new people, and forming new friendships. This is especially true if the college be at some distance from home, so that one meets a different type of people. These new acquaintances,—in fact, college life in general,—will give better and larger views of life, and will be

of great benefit in the future work undertaken after leaving college. College life, however, will offer many temptations, which may sometimes be hard to resist. But the student who attends to work, and lives up to the ideals which he has had from childhood, will be fairly sure of winning out.

For many other graduates commencement has a different aspect, because to them it means the real end of school, and the beginning of other work. Some will go directly into the business world, a world considerably different from school life. Others, perhaps, will take up the work of teaching. This means a great deal of responsibility, for they must give to others the principles and ideals which they have formed in their schooldays.

But no matter what awaits the high school graduate, whether college life, the business world, or the home life, the same thought comes to each one,—that this marks the end of his high school days. Then let us hope that wherever the departing Seniors may be, they will always retain a pleasant memory of the days in dear old Rutland High.



## The In-Drop

By G. J. M., '14.

All through the season Northville had played winning ball. Then just one week before the championship game with Southern Academy, Rand, their star pitcher, sprained his wrist.

The school was certainly in a bad fix. Downe, the only substitute, could never last through a whole game. Why he was so green that he even pitched under-hand half the time! But there was no other whom they could use. They had depended entirely upon Rand, and now he was out of the game for the rest of the season. The whole school, which up to this time had been so enthusiastic, now wore a look of deepest gloom. Of the 250 students, Rand himself was the most optimistic. Whenever he was asked his opinion, which was about a hundred times a day, he always cheerfully replied, "What will we do? Why, use Downe of course. You fellows think that he is no good, but I bet he will come out all right. Just you leave it to little Downe." But in spite of all he could do, the school would not believe that there was one chance in a hundred. And they seemed to be right.

So much for the school at large. For the team itself, that week was a busy one. The coach, instead of lamenting his fate, set to work to make the best of a bad situation. His first act was to give Downe a good lecture. "Downe," he said, "you know that you must pitch for us. To do this you must learn the signals like a telegraph operator his Morse. And you must learn to play with the team, and not by yourself. A good baseball team is like a delicate machine. It is made up of nine cogs, all working together. One of these cogs has been broken. You are the new piece to be put in its place. But before the machine can work evenly again, the new cog must be worn smooth."

"I understand, sir," was Downe's only reply. In fact, he was noted for his laconism. His natural shyness had prevented him from making many friends. So the school, knowing little

about him, did not have much confidence in his pitching ability. Even the coach shared this opinion.

"Sometimes," he said, speaking to Rand, "I believe that Downe is almost a fool. No matter what I say to him he always replies, 'I understand, sir.' Why, I believe that if I told him the moon is made of green cheese he would swallow it."

"But how is his pitching ability?" inquired Rand. "Good pitching covers up a multitude of faults."

"Well," slowly replied the coach, "he might be worse. His curves are all right, but his control is uncertain. Smith, who catches for him, says that he can throw the in-drop, but I don't believe it. An in-drop for a right-hander is an impossibility."

And thus at the opening of the game, no one could say, with any certainty, just what chance the team had.

The first six innings passed without a score. But at the beginning of the seventh, Southern Academy came to the bat, determined to start "something."

Rodgers, the first man up, hit a teasing bouncer. Wilson, Northville's shortstop, saw the ball coming towards him. Thinking this was his chance to make a 'grand-stand play' he attempted to scoop the ball up with one hand. But just as he was about to grab it, the ball bounded out of his reach. The man was safe on first. "Something" had started.

The way the Academy players kept that batting rally up was terrible, at least from Northville's standpoint. And for once the Northville team was rattled. An easy grounder would roll up to the in-field, and they would let it roll on. A fly would go to the out-field, and they would muff it. Happily, however, the terrible first half of the seventh came to an end. But the score was 4 to 0 in favor of Southern Academy.

In their half of the inning, the Northville players seemed in a daze, and were promptly retired.

In the eighth inning, however, the luck changed. The Academy players made the mistake of their baseball careers. They thought the game was already won, and decided to loaf. The Northville players, on the other hand, were playing the game of their lives. They promptly retired their opponents, and then came to the bat in the last half of the eighth inning, determined to catch up or die in the attempt.

It was not necessary to die, however. The Academy players were asleep. By the time they awoke, it was too late. Northville had not only tied the score, but had gained a lead of one run! If they could hold their rivals for the next inning, the game and the championship were theirs! At the opening of the ninth, the score was 5 to 4 in favor of Northville!

To hold the Academy players was now harder than ever. They knew this was their last chance, and they were desperate. At first it seemed that they would make the two runs needed, and once they regained the lead they would keep it.

Northville was on to its job, but almost before they knew what was happening, the Academy had three men on bases, with only one out. It was then or never that Downe must show his worth. One hit would score two runs, and two runs would mean the game.

Swift, the shortstop, was at bat. Downe had been able to fool him with a drop, so he tried it now. But it failed to work. Swift hit the ball.

As the Academy sympathizers in the grandstand heard the loud crack of the bat, they rose to their feet, madly cheering. But they were doomed to disappointment. White, Northville's second base man, had caught the ball. Downe had another chance.

And to all, this chance seemed a good one, for Holt, the Academy's poorest batter was up. Although he could "knock the cover off a slow one," he always struck out on swift balls.

But there was one condition, which all but Downe himself overlooked. If Holt could not hit the ball, he could let the ball hit him. And

that was just what he meant to do. If he was struck by a pitched ball, one run would be forced in, and there would still be three men on bases! And the Academy's best batter was the next man up!

Now when a batter makes up his mind to let the ball hit him, it is a hard job to stop him. Downe HAD to throw three balls over, or Holt would get his base. And to keep these from "accidentally" hitting Holt, was quite a proposition. There was, however one ball which Downe *might* throw, and that was the in-drop. Holt was a left-handed batter. He would see the ball coming for him, and thinking it would either hit him or go wide of the base would not move. Then the ball would curve in and over the plate. Even if Holt did swing at it, the ball would be almost impossible to hit, on account of the drop to it. But in practice, Downe had not been able to throw the in-drop.

Now, however, he set his teeth. This time he *must* control it. His team-mates had stood by him in more than one tight pinch that afternoon, and now he would not fail them. A week before he might have thrown a slow ball and thus shifted the responsibility onto the fielders. But now, Downe told himself, he was playing for the good of the team. He must strike Holt out, and to do that he must throw the in-drop.

With all his force, Downe threw the ball straight for the batter's head. Holt saw the ball coming for him like a cannon ball. But he did not flinch. He shut his eyes and swung at the ball, not in any hopes of hitting it, but as a pretext. But just as the ball was about to hit him it curved in over the base. Holt, although he swung blindly, came so near hitting the ball that his bat actually grazed the top of it. Downe shuddered as he thought what might have happened if he had thrown an in, instead of the in-drop. But as it was, his curve had worked to perfection. Twice more he threw the wonderful curve, and Southern Academy was retired amid the cheers of the audience, who saw, from Holt's bewildered look, that something unusual was



going on. The "impossible in-drop" had worked to perfection! Downe had pulled his team out of the tightest pinch they had been in that season. The championship was won!

That night the team elected its captain for the coming year. If anyone had told them a week ago that they would elect Downe, he would have been laughed at. But elect him they did. And from the cheers with which their decision was received by the students, was shown how the school held one who played for the team.

### Class History

It was a very eventful year when 1912 entered Old Rutland High. The splendid addition was being built. School, on this account, did not commence until late in September, and even then we had many half holidays on account of the noise and confusion. We held our first assembly in the new hall the last of January, but it was not until February that the faculty gave the students a reception, as an opening of the Assembly Hall.

Our Sophomore year was noted for its lack of anything important to tell about.

In our Junior year, school was scarcely open before we elected our class officers: Howard Williams, president; Mary Russell, vice-president; Richard Creed, secretary. Entertainments were seriously talked about, but all we had during the year was one dance. However, this year we won the football cup, a great honor for Juniors. Likewise we demolished a lovely banner of 1911. In May our class was bereft of one of its most valuable members by the death of Harold Blanchard.

Our Senior year, in some ways was a great success, and in some ways a failure. In athletics we did almost nothing, losing both the football and baseball cups. But our play, that never-to-be-forgotten play, was the best ever given by Seniors and it received a great deal of merited praise. We gave two dances during the winter, which were noted for their small receipts. When it came time for our Washington trip, we faced

a serious predicament. The question arose as to the value of the trip; but we were allowed to go, and did ourselves great credit, paving the way for future trips. In May we lost our president, because he left school, and Harold Peck was elected to fill his place.

1912 is the largest class ever graduated from old R. H. S., being 10 larger than 1911. Then "Hail to 1912, may her glory never fade."

CARROLL G. ROSS,  
Class Historian.

### The Class Poem

In silent reverie I sit,  
And my clear lamp, but dimly lit,  
Seems me unwilling to inspire,  
To call the muse to strike her lyre.

Euterpe, you alone I call,  
And from the depths of your sacred hall  
I seem to hear a murmuring song:  
"Your high school days are past and gone."

As if a silver bell were ringing  
Of your sweet lyre I hear the singing,  
And high and clear above the noise  
Of earth, I seem to hear your voice:

"As Freshmen, in your tender ears  
The name of Senior sounded great;  
As Sophomores, the entire school  
Seemed on your swollen pates to wait;  
But when you came to Junior year  
Once more your heads and hats were mates.  
And when at last ahead there gleamed  
The goal for which four years were given,  
Just six small letters "Senior" seemed,  
And fleeting hours the four long years.

"But now the day has come  
When you must say farewell,  
And scattered from your home—  
How far there's none can tell—  
Each in his own best way  
Must meet the world and say:  
'With outstretched hands I come  
For work and not for play.'"

"And so farewell the word must be;  
Farewell to old familiar places,  
Farewell to old familiar faces,  
To school-room bright and learned hall,  
To teachers well beloved, and all  
The good old times these four bright years  
Brought with them, all devoid of fears  
For what the days to each might be.

"But though to-day you say farewell—  
For how long time there's none can tell—  
Yet this God knows that when you meet,  
The passing of the time so fleet  
Will make you all and each still say  
Since last ye met seems just a day.  
Then, 'Strive to win,' dig hard and delve  
And lift your voice for Nineteen-Twelve."

The muse here ceased, and on the air a sound  
Of murmuring music fell, above, around,  
The echoing notes of sweet-toned silver bell  
That seemed to say again, "Farewell, farewell."  
A. G. LEVY, 1912.

### Favorite Pastimes of the Class of 1912

R. Anthony—Selling soda water.  
H. Abraham—Ho(l)me(s).  
G. Axelson—Selling tickets at Baseball Fair.  
E. Adams—Automobiling.  
M. Bell—Taking care of babies??  
D. Brown—Music.  
H. Beebe—Bookkeeping.  
S. Butterfield—Studying.  
C. Brislin—Writing to Newark.  
E. Burroughs—Taking long walks.  
F. Burke—Playing ball.  
O. Ballou—Going to West Rutland.  
J. Cooty—Calling on Fr—a.  
R. Creed—Wearing "goloshes."  
R. Carpenter—Whispering.  
N. Curtis—Peddling butter.  
F. Dunn—Going to the Lake.  
C. Dana—Getting sodas.

M. Earl—Visiting her niece.  
M. Eggleston—Making eyes.  
V. Eitapence—Going to Bellows Falls.  
E. Greene—Playing the Banjo.  
H. Hodges—German.  
D. Holmes—Library work.  
F. Holmes—Playing ghost.  
Frank Hinchey—Talking to Jessie.  
Fred Hinchey—Managing.  
L. Jones—Troubling the teachers.  
C. Kinney—Walking to school alone (?).  
H. Kenyon—Riding on trolley cars.  
E. Lyman—Getting telegrams.  
A. Levy—Writing poetry.  
M. Lalor—Music.  
I. Loomis—Opera House.  
B. Martin—Scanning Virgil.  
D. Miller—Flirting.  
C. Morse—Dreaming of Chestnut Ave.  
P. Murdick—Doing experiments.  
A. Mullin—Speaking pieces.  
J. Merriam—Sleigh-rides.  
A. McGuirk—Skipping school.  
L. Newton—"The Grand."  
R. Perkins—Grinning.  
H. Pearsons—Making dates.  
M. Parker—Talking about Philadelphia.  
I. Phillips—Reading.  
L. Provost—Card parties.  
R. Pratt—Having dates.  
H. Peck—Being president.  
W. Pease—Being late.  
M. Russell—Driving.  
C. Ross—Studying.  
E. Sabin—"Yum, Yum."  
D. Sawyer—Writing notes.  
H. Stafford—Smiling.  
R. Smith—Talking French.  
L. Spence—Acting.  
J. Smith—Fooling.  
M. Vincent—Helping the scores at ball games.  
B. Wilkinson—Studying.  
Ruth Provo—Visiting in Forestdale.  
Lena Fiske—Camping at New Boston.  
Mary Fox—Taking long rides.  
Ralph Fisk—Smoking.



### Class Will

We, the class of 1912, in the city of Rutland, state of Vermont, United States of America, being of good health and sound judgment, realizing that we are about to leave the little red schoolhouse on the hill, do hereby make our last will and testament.

We will Room A to the present little Juniors and hope that the postal system will be as successfully carried on in the future as in the past.

Mildred Bell and A. Mullin leave their flirting ability to Mary Sparks and Mabel Bunker. Ruth Pratt distributes her many gentlemen friends among the girls of the class of 1913.

Short Anthony "Snookums" wills his tobacco scattered on the floor to Shippy.

C. Brislin wills his job as boss of the football "squad" to Norton.

Lila Spence wills her curly hair to Betty Weir.

C. Morse and J. Smith will their carrot tops to Grady and M. Hinchey.

Blondy Miller wills her light hair to G. Swinnerton.

Frank Hinchey leaves his art in drawing to Litchfield.

Bill Pease wills his cane to Russell Flag.

Jane Merriam, Dot Miller, Mildred Parker and Hazel Pearsons will their earrings to Marion Clifford, M. La Venture, Ruth Alexander and Gladys Frost.

Danford Brown leaves his junk shop to Bob Boynton.

Carroll Ross leaves his books to Hayden Kennedy.

Eleanor Lyman wills the waste paper in her desk to Rex Shaw.

Ethel Adams leaves her cookies to "Piker" Spaulding.

Levy wills his trips to the dictionary to H. Craven.

Clayton and Dorothy will their favorite promenade up the corridor to Room A to C. Crowley and R. Canty.

The girls of 1912 will Miss Johnson a key that will fit.

J. Cootey wills Freda Baird one dozen solid silver spoons.

Laura Newton leaves her place in "trig" to Helen Squires.

Ned Curtis wills his chauffeur to "Chicken" Howard.

R. Smith, L. Provost, E. Sabin, I. Phillips, M. Earl, E. Green, V. Eitapence, F. Holmes, A. McGuirk, H. Beebe, G. Axelson, R. Perkins, and H. Kenyon will their typewriters to the Junior Commercials.

H. Hodges and H. Stafford leave their saintliness to John Lalor and Walter Newton.

L. C. Jones leaves his seat at the table to Rex Shaw.

M. Lalor leaves her gum to Pat Coates.

B. Martin leaves her good marks to her namesake Maude.

Pete Vincent leaves her wandering seat and giggles to Irene Quigley.

Peck leaves his knowledge of chemistry to "Punk" Miner.

Mildred Egleston wills the duty of post-mistress to J. Fairfield with the understanding that she needn't expect to get very rich.

Hyman leaves his ease in translating Latin to Lois Cassidy.

Dicky wills his goloshes, his milk-bottle and orange to "Pinkey" Perkins.

Butterfield wills his lengthwise dimensions to Dicky "Ding-dong."

Fred Hinchey leaves the managership of the "Big Team" to Homer.

Ballou and Murdick will their trips to West Rutland to R. Carpenter and G. Aldrich.

D. Holmes, C. Dana, R. Carpenter, B. Wilkinson and E. Burroughs will their places on the honor lists to the hopeless.

I. Loomis leaves her cribs to Marjorie Smith.

E. Morse, being of naturally generous disposition, wills his brother Robert to Marjorie.

Ruth Provo, Lena Fiske and Mary Fox will their "Young Ladies' Seminary" to J. Fairfield, D. Stafford and Pat Coates.

Frances Dunn and Mary Russell leave this job to some other poor fools and wish them joy.

### Class Prophecy

We seemed to have been suddenly transported from Room A into a shady grove where we saw a cave connected with a temple. An aged, shrunken being accosted us, saying that if we wished to know the fates of our classmates we had only to look at the leaves which were arranged in order within the cave; but she warned us to be careful, for if the wind dispersed the leaves she could give no aid in restoring them. We, being very curious to know the future of the friends from whom we were to part so soon, hastened to read the following inscriptions on the leaves:

Hazel Pearsons will manage a fruit ranch out West and will be most successful with "dates", due to her experience in that line in her school days.

Mildred Bell, unable to decide which of her numerous suitors she prefers, will found a school for girls where none of the opposite sex will be allowed to enter.

Orris Ballou will be a teacher of science in West Rutland High School.

Charles Morse will manufacture a hair dye, guaranteed to darken the hair in one night.

Arthur McGuirk will be traveling salesman for the firm of Beebe and Butterfield, manufacturers of butter and cheese, Mendon, Vt.

Rachel Carpenter will marry a scientific farmer.

Dorothy Holmes will persevere until she is at the head of the Rutland Free Library, with Evelyn Burroughs as her assistant.

William Pease will always present a dignified appearance as a United States Senator, carrying the cane which he purchased on his first trip to the Capitol.

Dorothy Sawyer, a famous prima donna, will make her debut in 1920 by rendering the well-known classic "Everybody's Doin' it now."

Clayton Kinney, who was always bothering his classmates to pass notes, will invent a note carrier especially applicable to school room desks.

Hazel Kenyon will marry the president of the Rutland Street Railway Co.

Ethel Sabin and Elsie Green will devote their lives to perpetuating the famous Yum-Yum Club.

Rita Smith will win fame for herself by her good deeds as a red-cross nurse.

Anna Mullin, the West Rutland heart-breaker, will marry a Wall Street broker.

John Cootey will leave college in his Junior year and elope in his Overland car with his first love.

Dr. Philip Murdick will settle in his favorite town, Fair Haven.

Hyman Abraham and Arthur Levy, on their return from college, will unite their respective stores and form the corporation of Abraham and Levy, Cigar Dealers.

Frank Hinchey, owing to his intimacy with certain suffragettes, will be appointed commander-in-chief of the banner carriers and leader of all the bands of that society.

Hannibal Hodges, the quiet, studious boy, will take a sudden change and surprise the social world by the announcement of his engagement to Miss Gwendolyn Vanderbilt.

Margaret Lalor, who used her study periods in writing harmony, will become a teacher of that subject in the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Mildred Parker and Margaret Earle will be court stenographers in Fair Haven, where Frank Holmes will be grand juror.

Irene Phillips will marry a mine owner in Northwestern Canada.

Mary Russell, lover of nature, will heed the call of the wild and reside in Londonderry.

Ralph Perkins will accept the position of engrosser and teacher of penmanship in Rutland Business College, run by Mr. Mitchell, where Leona Provost will teach bookkeeping.

Mildred Egleston and Mildred Vincent, who persisted in annoying Mr. Thomas' English class, may have all the gum they want in the future, as two brothers will purchase the Wrigley Chewing Company.



Ida Loomis will be preceptress of a private school in Boston, where Constance Dana will teach physical culture.

Lila Spence will be elected mayor of Oberlin and Edward Curtis will be one of the two men to serve on the board of alderwomen in that city.

Clyde Brislin will retire from the business of charming the females of Clarendon and become a confirmed bachelor.

Laura Newton and Frances Dunn, will establish a strict ladies' seminary in West Rutland, with branches in Lewiston, Me., and Long Point, Vt.

Jessie Smith and Ethel Adams will become the leaders of the Suffragette movement of the United States in connection with the suffragettes in Alaska, under the leadership of Eleanor Lyman.

Richard Creed and Robert Anthony, who so delighted in drawing pictures of school-room incidents, will become official artists of the Bingville Bugle of Hayville, Arkansas, of which Carrol Ross will be editor and Lawrence Jones business manager.

Danford Brown will win everlasting fame as a pianist.

Harold Peck, the learned President, will take the position of teacher of Tadpology in the school of Bugology, located in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dorothy Miller will resign from membership in the Suffragettes and elope with the Count Theopolis M. Harmonskey of Russia.

Vera Eitapence will write a work entitled, "My School Days, or How to Carry on Conversation in the School Room."

Harold Stafford will become leader of the Wallingford Band.

Gus Axelson will open a barber shop on the corner of Center and Wales Street for the benefit of the High School students.

Jane Merriam will become leader and organizer of the Suffragettes in Wallingford and will attend the national convention of Suffragettes in Kankakee.

Bertha Martin and Beulah Wilkinson will return to Rutland High as teachers of English and Latin.

Ralph Fisk, Rutland's bravest life-saver, will write a book entitled, "What to do Before the Doctor Arrives."

Fred Hinchey, having had so much experience in managing victorious baseball teams, will accept the position of Manager of the New York Americans.

Ruth Pratt will co-operate with the Boston Pleasure Seeking Co., and will chaperone all future Washington trips from New England. She will also write a book entitled, "How to Enjoy Yourself in Washington, D. C."

Just as we had examined the last leaf the wind began to blow, scattering the leaves all about, and we were awakened by Miss Monroe's voice, telling us to pick up the papers that had fallen from our desks onto the floor.

R. M. P.  
F. C. H.

### "The Dying Student's Sweethearts"

A gay and handsome student lad  
Lay on a bed of pain;  
All hope was past, his life ebbed fast,  
He ne'er would rise again.  
"Have you no sweetheart fair and true?"  
They whispered o'er his bed,  
"Whom you would tell a last farewell?"  
The dying lad softly said:  
"There's Mildred back in Wallingford,  
And Ethel in Sandy Hill,  
There's Helen down in Quincy,  
Pat in Mechanicville.  
There's darling Dot in dear old Tie,  
And Deana up in Jay.  
And write to Sue in Rutland too,  
Or the duce will be to pay."  
The watchers stared in mild surprise  
And then said to him once more  
"And tell us pray, without delay,  
The girl whom you adore,  
The Girl whom you have sworn to love  
And bring both wealth and fame  
Your promised wife, hope in life,  
Quick, let us know her name."  
"Up in Pittsford Margaret lives,  
Go 'phone her quick," he said,  
"And Ruby calls from dear Glens Falls,  
And Pete from old Fort Ed.  
There's Gladys down in old Fort Ann  
And Vera in Whitehall."  
The young man sighed, "It's time I died,  
I've sworn to love them all."

## Alumni Notes

Mildred Chapman, '10, is visiting friends in Plainfield, Mass.

Florence Butler and Edward Gosselin, '11, have returned to Middlebury after a short recess.

Florence Root, '09, has returned from Hanover, N. H., where she attended the Junior "Prom" of Dartmouth College.

Dyer Merriam, '10, has returned to U. V. M. after visiting friends in this city.

Newman Wade, '11 and Vere Filiatrault, '10, have returned from the University of Syracuse, where they have been attending school.

Mary Houghton, '09, has returned from Boston.

Sylva Robinson, '10, is spending the vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Robinson of this city. Miss Robinson has been a student in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Horace Colburn, '08, of Dartmouth College is in town.

Russell Bates, '11, has returned from Burlington, Vt.

Minnie Gorton, '08, has been visiting her sister in North Bennington.

Maude White, '10, is in Boston.

Fred Beauchamp, '07, of this city, who graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy at Boston in April, with the degree, doctor of pharmacy, acted as class historian at the graduating exercises.

Robert McCammon, '11, who has been in the White Mountains for the United States Geological Survey, has been transferred to the Beaver River. Mr. McCammon spent a few days in town with his parents on Center Street.

The following were among those who attended the R. H. S. Athletic Association Fair: Carl Brehmer, '10, of Norwich; Florence Butler, '11, of Middlebury; Harry Holden, '11, of U. V. M.; Carl Perkins, '11, John Cocklin, '11, Margory Barton and Pauline Boynton of the class of

1908; Leo Canty, '11; Dyer Merriam, '10, of U. V. M.; Florence O'Neil, '11, of West Rutland; Rollin Burditt, '10, and Dyer Spellman.

Helen Martin, '11, has returned from Burlington.

William O'Neil, '10, who has been attending college at Baltimore, Md., is spending the vacation with his parents in West Rutland.

John Moloney, '11, who has been spending a short recess with his parents in Rutland has returned to Dartmouth College by automobile.

Beatrice Launier, '11, who has been studying at an Art School in New York City, is at home.

Rita Beardsley, '10 who has been teaching school, is at her home in this city.

Gale Proctor, '10, and Mary Aldrich, '10, of Pratt Institute are expected soon to spend the vacation at their homes.

Dorothy Temple, '10, has graduated from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.



## Athletics



The baseball season is now practically over and to the great regret of all it cannot be said that the season was quite as successful as was expected.

The main trouble seemed to be that the majority of the team lacked experience and because of this fact they could not hold together in critical moments.

Probably another reason for their going to pieces in the pinches is that they had little confidence in the pitchers (with apologies to the twirlers), for the pitchers themselves were all new men and could most aptly be described by the term "in and outers" for at times they pitched wonderful ball (we must give them credit for that) and the next time on the mound would be hit all over the field.

That the team had considerable latent ability cannot be doubted, but, as stated above, lacked experience, but with this requisite gained by



playing this year we should have a team next year that will make them all sit up and take notice.

But now let us turn to the other principal branch of athletics, football. Lynch, the mainstay of the team last year when it came to ground gaining, has been elected captain. He will undoubtedly lead one of the best football teams the School has ever had, for we have lost only two men from last year's fine team. These positions can easily be filled, it is believed, for there seems to be a large amount of good material in the lower classes. So with the two fastest men in school in the backfield (to say nothing of Lynch for line bucking) and some almost equally fast on the line, we should have a team that will make a clean sweep of everything in sight.

It is regretted that on account of the increased size of the Oread this issue, the complete tabulated scores of the games cannot be given.

## Locals

Mr. C., translating—"Je m'installe," "I shall set on myself."

Mr. C.'s latest translation of "Vous Cherchez à vous marier?": "And you seek to marry yourself?"

Miss R. in B English—"What is the meaning of 'He wound his horn'?"

Spaulding, in undertone—"He wound up the phonograph."

Miss Meldon—"Craven, I'm awfully fond of you, and I really hate to see you looking around at the girls with such languishing eyes."

Who are the "girls"?

Miss R., in B English—"What became of the Pilot's son, in the 'Ancient Mariner'?"

Shaw—"He went bug-house."

Miss Ross—"We don't do that here, Miss Mullin, even if it is done in some of the 'out-lying districts.'"

Ask Miss Fairfield if she has yet made her "date," as suggested by Miss Monroe.

For information as to where Bill Pease spent the evening of June 29, ask S. C., '15.

Miss Cassidy (in extemporaneous speaking)—"He didn't tell her who he was, until after he died."

Grady, translating Greek—"Both fell over the fortification and were killed and died."

Why did Gardner suddenly decide not to pick up that meterstick in Lab. the other day?

Geography in the Virgil class:

Corinth is in Sicily.

It was a short drive from Corinth to Rome.

The Nile is in Greece.

Egypt is a country of Europe.

Ask A. G. L., '12, if it isn't rather discouraging to follow girls and then have them go off with some other fellows.

Why is Pease especially fond of North Grove Street?

In regard to taking pictures, inquire of R. H. S., '13.

Ask C. B., '12, the definition of a *team*.

Ask H. R., '15, if a shoehorn is good luck.

What is the meaning of "Jessie for mine"? Ask M. J. C., '15.

Wanted—"A monkey to take the lamb that has left Room 6."

THOMAS H. HASCALL

Instructor in the proper management of eyeglasses and manacles. Class held 1:30 to 2:15.

We wonder if it hurt when H. P., '12 banged her hair.

Miss Thomas—"Boys! Keep your arms where they belong!" Where were they?

Some of the girls in the A division Room 5 are fond of throwing bouquets. Look on Fox!

Ask Cootey what he knows about St. Peter and his office in Heaven.

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Pease—"A cold tremor ran through the hard bones of the Trojans."

Why is it they always abuse Cootey during the sixth period? Look out for the biscuits, John!

For good comedy with the latest stage success—Pearsons, Vincent & Company.

#### Questions.

If Alice is Scotch is Francis Welch?

Did Miss Spaul—, '15, borrow her wit from her cousin Richard S., '13?

"Anybody here seen Kelly?" (Ask Miss A. E. P., '15.)

Did Ruth A. rehearse that song and dance she gave in English class June 5th?

Has Miss Ross a garden? Apparently.

Who was Shaw looking at while in the lab? Apparently something interesting in the lecture room.

If Ruth is Alexander is Purdy Homer?

If Elsie is Green is Marion Blue?

If Ruth is Temple is she a temple of Greece?

R. Car—r—"What is so rare as a day in June?"

H. P.—"One of Prouse's small steaks."

Pete, what about that bench down on Nick-wackett St.?

J—es, '14 (in French class)—"Tout—era—tout—er tout!!" Poor fellow! Thinks he's an automobile.

Miss Purdon in English History—"Purdy, who are the Orangemen?"

"They are fruit growers in California."

"No. Gaynor, who are they?"

"They are the inhabitants of the Orange Free State."

Raymond Durfee's pictured sentences are making quite a hit in Room 3.

"Information" is the popular cry in C English.

31 28 or 31 29. Surely a day in February is rarer than a day in June. Lowell must have been under a misapprehension.

R. John—n sometimes wonders whether his hat was "in the ring," or in Loui—Rey—ds' desk one lovely May morning.

The postal system in Room 3 is run with all the latest improvements. There are three entirely different routes of which R. Th—s and J. M—n, R. Jo—n and L. Re—s, and At—n B—s and Gr—a Ke—h are in charge.

Ask S. C., '14, why she was not entirely satisfied with last month's Oread?

The pupils of Room 3 heartily sympathize with Miss Launier when she says that she has never had French before.

Don't forget to ask L. W., next time you see him how business is.

Ask R. C., '13, if whippletrees sing sweetly on Sunday nights on the Castleton road.

If Jones lost five dollars on the opening baseball game, how much did Ir-win?

If Martin can (row) Rowe, can Franklyn Wade?

Ask Wade if the steam pipes are still musical ————?

If Mary can sew, can Betsy Patch?

If a Goodyear tire is worth ten dollars, how much is a McIn-tyre worth?

If a motor-van can carry two thousand pounds, how much can a Sulli-van carry?

If Schmitt can fly, can Harry Reed?

If Iron is metal, is Sher-wood?

If there are 2000 pounds in a short ton, how many pounds are in a Pex-ton?

If the school team still owes \$5.00, how much does the wind-ow?

If an aviator fell, would he Land-on some Persons?

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If there were twelve members on the athletic board, how many members are on the black-board?

If Wing can run some, can Geo. Fish?

If Jones felt sleepy, would Reddy Knapp?

If a church spire is high, is a bunga-low?



As this is the last issue, the OREAD most cordially thanks the exchanges printed below, which have been received during the past year, and hopes to see them again in the Fall.

*The Adelphian*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Academy Life*, Saxtons River, Vt.; *Advance*, Salem, Mass.; *The Black and Gold*, Hawaii; *The Bulletin*, Montclair, N. J.; *The Cazenovian*, Cazenovia, N. Y.; *Chronicle*, Hartford, Conn.; *T. C. A. Chronicle*, Poultney, Vt.; *Garnet and Blue*, Wilbraham, Mass.; *Granitian*, Salt Lake City, Utah; *The Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass.; *High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.; *The Sphinx*, Bellows Falls, Vt.; *The Jabberwock*, Boston, Mass.; *Maggie*, New York, N. Y.; *Middlebury Campus*, Middlebury, Vt.; *Minerva*, South Royalton, Vt.; *Milton College Review*, Milton, Wis.; *Old Hughes*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Ogdensburg Academy*, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; *Onas*, Philadelphia, Penn.; *The Owl*, Middletown, N. Y.; *Pennant*, Meriden, Conn.; *The Prospector*, Wardner, Idaho; *The Recorder*, Winchester, Mass.; *The Register*, Burlington, Vt.; *The Reveille*, Northfield, Vt.; *The Roxbury Enterprise*, Roxbury, Mass.; *The Tahoma*, Tacoma, Wash.; *Searchlight*, Bound Brook, N. J.; *The Spectator*, Patterson, N. J.; *The Sphinx*, Newark, N. J.; *The Student*, Detroit, Mich.; *Tolo*, Seattle, Wash.; *The Totem*, Springfield, Vt.; *The Vermont Cynic*, Burlington, Vt.; *Yale Alumni Weekly*, New Haven, Conn.

*T. C. A. Chronicle*. Your covers are very neat. You need some local jokes to make your paper spiky.

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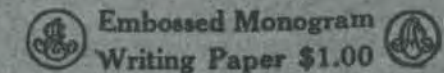
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Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.  
October, 1912

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# The Oread

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1

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## Editorials



In this country, the opening of the schools means a great deal not only to the school children but also to the parents and the country in general, for the public schools form an important factor in the welfare and prosperity of the nation.

The public school is a sort of neutral ground for all classes. The rich send their children to mingle with other children; the poor have a chance to give their children a good education at very small cost; the foreigners have the opportunity of learning our language and becoming acquainted with our customs. There no favoritism is shown and all are treated alike.

The students in attendance for the most part appreciate their privileges. They realize that it is one of the happiest periods in their lives. In addition to the pleasure which they derive, the discipline and training of their minds will mean much to them in later life. They are also given a chance to express their thoughts and broaden their views.

The public in general is benefited by the school system as it exists today, because the young

people, who will be the men and women of tomorrow, are thus educated to fill their places and take up the great work of a nation. Here we should realize and appreciate the advancement of our own country. In some countries the system of public schools is far behind ours. Take England for example. The better class of people in England send their children to private schools and only the very poorest take advantage of the public schools.

Here not only are the children sent to school but the parents take great interest in them. In our own city we have a new institution, organized for the betterment of our schools. This is the Parent-Teachers' Association, in which the parents and teachers meet for mutual aid. The parents have an opportunity to become acquainted with the ones to whom the education of their children is entrusted. The teachers can also be helped by the parents in the development of the child-mind.

Thus, one cannot help but appreciate the significance of the opening of the school year.



## John—A Story of the Japanese War

By G. J. M.

Some people are kicking on the roughness of football, but say, the game is a regular Sunday School picnic to what it used to be up at Rigwaw. The way they played it there was enough to make one think that Gen. Sherman's famous saying ought to be doctored up so as to apply to football as well as war. In fact football was war there—at least it was one year.

The cause of all the trouble was one Inonye Hitosnbashi. We called him John for short. John was a Jap.

The first day he came a couple of overgrown sophomores started in to teach him his place. John didn't know much about the rules against hazing, but he did know that he wasn't going to be man-handled by a bunch of 'honorable soft-heads,' as he called them. When the 'hazing' was over the sophomores were just able to stand, and John had created a wholesome respect for himself and his jiu-jetsu.

Of course a fellow with John's reputation as a scrapper just had to come out for the team. The coaches had heard of him so they promptly placed him on the second team, and gave him the usual directions 'to pitch in and tear up the first.' John pitched in all right, and I believe he would have torn up the first team if he had been given time. As it was both teams had to join in and tear him off his opponent. You see, he had obtained a sort of combined strangle hold and half-nelson on his man, and he wasn't going to give up his advantage just because the fellow with the ball under him had hollered 'down' and wanted to try it over again.

Well it took them about two weeks to teach him to follow the signals, and confine his jiu-jetsu to the time when the umpire wasn't looking. But then he was the best all-round quarter-back that ever happened.

"He ban just one condensed cyclone," said Oalf Johnson, the big Swede full-back. Oalf came from Kansas, so he had great respect for cyclones.

With John to think out plays, and maim the enemy with his jiu-jetsu tricks, we just naturally cleaned up every team we met.

But there was still one thorn in our sides. At Rigwaw the whole foot-ball season was just a sort of preliminary to the Ricksville game. Ricksville was our greatest enemy, and to beat them was our chief aim in life. We had known all along that they had a great team there that year, but it was not until the week before the game that we learned the fatal news. Ricksville had captured a Russian giant to play center for them! Think what that meant in the days when the center was the principal man on the team.

Oalf Johnson was sent up to investigate matters. The report he brought back was enough to cast gloom into a minstrel show.

"That Russian ban about twice as big as me, and about ten times as strong", and Oalf himself was about six feet seven!

We were all gathered together on the field when Oalf made his report, and for a minute you could have heard a pin drop. Then John broke the silence.

"I play center, perhaps, what you think?"

Well now wasn't that nerve for you. A 130 pound pygmy wanting to buck up against a two ton giant. And all because he was a Russian, and their countries were at war with each other. Well, he wouldn't have it any other way. And to tell the truth we kind of sympathised with him. We knew the game would be sure death for him, no matter where he played, for he and that Russian would just naturally lay for each other. So we thought we might as well grant his last request and let him die happy. And that is how John happened to be matched up against a Russian, about three times his size.

When we lined up against Ricksville for the first time the grandstands put up the awfulest row you ever heard. It seems they thought we had stolen John away from his nurse, and wanted to have us prosecuted under the child labor law, or for kidnapping, or some such thing. But they were to learn that John was a rather precocious youngster, even if he didn't look it.

I said that the grandstands put up some row, but the way that Russian carried on put them a mile in the shade. You see all the other teams he had played against had placed their biggest men opposite him. He considered himself insulted because we had offered our smallest to be devoured. But he intended to show us fellows that he wasn't to be trifled with. He would put this little fellow out of the game in the first skirmish. Then he would show what he could do against a real man.

The Russians intentions were all right; in fact they were really good. But John absolutely refused to fall into his way of thinking.

In the first skirmish there was a mighty upheaval towards the center of the line. Out of the tangle of legs, arms, hair, and mud, the diminutive form of John shot up a good ten feet into the air. Then it shot down again, head first—and landed on the Russian's stomach. The resulting grunt could be heard for half mile. The Russian's plans had received a rude blow—so had his stomach. It was against all rules of the game to butt with the head. However, under the circumstances the umpire had to let it pass.

And so they lined up again. This time the Ricksville quarterback gave the signal for a play through our center. To get John out of the way, was of course the Russian's duty on this play. He got John out of the way all right. He threw him a good ten yards. But he was so busy with John that he forgot to get out of the way himself. His own men crashed into him and almost broke his back. We had to souse him with water for five minutes before he came to.

Well, sir, that's the way it kept going. In every scrimmage the Russian would about kill John, but somehow or the other something worse always happened to him. And the funniest thing about it was that everybody thought it was simply by accident that John was able to hold his own! Why the real wonder of it was that the Russian was able to stay the first half out! John was torturing him by every means that he knew—and John was an expert in that line as I have shown.

I didn't see the end of the Russian; it came between the halves. One of his own men told me that when he started out for the second half he fainted.

"And do you know" he said, "his muscles seemed to be all knotted up. He couldn't move. He was all twisted out of shape. Queer, wasn't it?" He didn't know about John's jiu-jetsu.

And that is the story of the Japanese war as it was fought at Rigwaw. As usual the Jap won.

How did the game come out? Oh we won as usual. You see John played quarter in the second half. Ricksville was so afraid of him that they didn't dare tackle him. It was a walk-over for us.

## When the Motor Stopped

It was a fine September's day and the country fairs about the states were booming. My manager "Gus" had just returned from Danbury, Conn., where he landed a two thousand dollar contract, for me to fly at the Danbury fair on the fifteenth day of this month.

My own machine—a Curtis biplane—had been badly "crippled" on my last flight when I flew into a telegraph pole smashing it into three pieces. Capt. Baldwin who had heard of my hard luck offered me his famous "Red Devil" racer which I gladly accepted.

When we arrived at the Danbury fair grounds we found a small, rough field quite filled with trees and fences, making the fair grounds an impossible place from which to start. We viewed the surrounding country, and after much arguing with the fair officials—who wanted me to start from the fair grounds—I decided that my starting point should be in a large sloping field, north of the grounds.

The following day (the opening day of the fair) my mechanic succeeded in setting up and pushing the aeroplane to the top of a high hill from which I was to start. Everything was about ready when we found that we had no chamois to strain the gasoline into the tank. To avoid going back to the grounds, I substituted a silk



handkerchief which I had in my pocket, thinking that would answer the purpose of the cham-ouis. The fuel was then put into the tank and the powerful eighty horse power motor started and let run several minutes for a test. After examining the controls I climbed into the seat and raised my hand as a signal for those holding the struggling mechanical bird, to let go.

The little racer started on its fatal flight like a bullet from a gun. Every bump she struck the machine would leap into the air several feet and then settle again. After running about two hundred feet, I advanced the spark and raised the front control to the correct angle. Immediately I rose off terra-firma in a graceful glide.

When I had gained a five hundred foot altitude, I swung the great bird around in a half circle, heading for the fair grounds. I was still climbing rapidly when I reached the grounds where thousands of heads—looking like ants from such a height—were turned upward watching me do the "Dutch roll," and cut figure eights.

I was still mounting the upper regions when I turned my steering wheel for my landing point. I was now about two thousand feet above earth and flying at the rate of eighty miles an hour when the motor stopped suddenly, as if the gasoline had been turned off. My first thought was that, while straining the gasoline some dirt had gone thru the handkerchief and stopped the flow of gasoline from the tank to the motor. I quickly pushed the steering wheel forward and started on a glide before I should lose momentum and get "stalled" in mid air. While gravity was pulling me down at a terrific rate of speed, I noticed a good field directly under me. I at once started a spiral so I would not miss the good landing point. My speed became so great that breathing was difficult and I noticed by the elevating planes that I had been gliding at the "death angle."

Immediately I pulled on the control wheel but with no avail. The controls were jammed. A terrible thought rushed thru my head as I realized what would happen if I struck the earth, going at such a speed. Again and again, I stood

upright on the foot rest, trying to bring the controls into position and level out, but they were held firm. I could do nothing now but continue the spiral and hope for the best. All went well until I was about fifty feet from the ground, then there was a plunge into darkness.

I knew no more until I "came to" feeling very sore, on my way to the hospital in an automobile.

The next day I learned that I had landed in a soft place (a swamp). My speed was so great that when the aeroplane struck, the forward wheel was driven into the soft ground eight feet. The machine was a total wreck. With the exception of a painful burn, which I received from the boiling water in the radiator, I had no injuries whatever. Before the week was over I was out of the hospital.

Many people who had witnessed my fall said that when I came down they thought I would surely be killed, and that I certainly did have a miraculous escape. This makes my seventh one since I have been in this dangerous game. But no matter how bad my falls are, I am not yet discouraged and will get a new machine and continue flying as soon as possible. C. H. S. '14.

### **A Glimpse of Shylock After He Leaves the Court Room**

"My, Abe, but you look sick," said Solomon Goldstein, as Shylock entered his office. "You must have the fever. I had it last week and I took—"

"I haf not the fever, Solly," sadly interrupted Shylock. "I haf not nothing. That is just the trouble. I loaned that rascal Antonio 3000 ducats, and of course he could not pay me. Then he, the Christian that he is, refused to give the forfeit. And all just because there was no blood mentioned in the bond. To think that after I paid the grand price that I did for a little pound of flesh, he wouldn't throw in a little blood by way of premium! Und then to make worse bad the Duke declared my goods forfeit. Und you think I haf only the fever!"

"And now you haf nothing?" said Solly, rather worried for Shylock might want to borrow some money of him.

"Nothing."

"But surely such a smart fellow as you will be on his feet again soon. Vot are your plans?" Solly wasn't going to give any chance for a loan.

"You betcher I haf," said Shylock almost joyously. A great load was lifted from Solly's mind. A man who spoke like that could never be thinking of borrowing.

"I've got the dandiest little plan you ever saw. I'm going to buy some goods from Maurice for 50 ducats. And also he gives me a bill which says I paid 500 ducats for them, you see. Then I open up a little shop und in a few days I have a grand fire. Everything gets lost but the insurance. Und that is for 500 ducats, y'understand. Then I have a fine big fire sale, und clear up 200 more. Then who says I'm not on my feet again."

"My, Abe, but you're a smart one." It might pay to flatter a man with such good prospects. "It was just the other day I said so." Then a new idea occurred to Solly. "But, Abe," he said, "Where did you get the first 50 ducats to buy the goods with?"

"Those 50 ducats, Solly," gravely responded Shylock, "You was going to loan me."

And he did.

### **The Mexican Treasure**

A poor lad, Jack Southbridge, by name, wishing to serve his country enlisted in the army. He was soon ordered to the Mexican Border to watch manœuvres. Although he felt that his mother, who was keeping a farm in Massachusetts should not be left alone, still he felt impelled to go. When he told her of this she urged him to do so, thinking it would be a good experience for him.

Jack started Monday morning. At New York he took a thru train to Chicago. He reached Fort Benmore, where he was to be stationed

Thursday night rather tired but excited. He was greeted by Gen. Kleber, a fine old man, who had charge of the fort.

After a few weeks of duty he was detailed as a scout to explore a very dangerous forest near the border line. When he left the fort Gen. Kleber said to him, "Good-bye my boy, I hope you will have good news when you return to us." He little knew what good fortune Jack was soon to have.

Jack traveled miles and miles in the lonely forest coming across many wild animals. His most exciting experience was with a Mexican jaguar. He was reconnoitering under a large cypress tree when he was attacked by one of these treacherous creatures. After a hard struggle he succeeded in killing him and wearied by this exertion he climbed up into the branches of the tree to rest awhile. This proved a very fortunate move on his part for in less than an hour he heard voices in the distance. They approached nearer and nearer until he could easily distinguish what was being said. They proved to be two men from the Mexican camp, who were discussing the plans of the Mexican army. Jack waited, hardly daring to breathe, until their voices at last gradually died away. As he had discovered all the necessary information about the Mexican troops from the conversation of these men, he thought it would be wise to return to Fort Benmore. The moon was just coming up above the hills so he decided to start back at once.

About sunrise he noticed off in another direction a peculiarly formed stone. Thinking it to be the work of some Indians, he left his trail and went over to examine the rock. On one side he found an inscription in Spanish language. As this was unintelligible to him, he felt some what disappointed. Just then he happened to glance down towards the bottom of the rock and saw a small hole, where evidently years ago pieces of the stone had been chipped off. Reaching in this little opening as best he could with his hand, he beheld to his great joy and amazement thousands of coins of both gold and silver.



Jack, not forgetting his duty to his country left this hidden treasure. He reached the fort in the evening. The next morning he reported the information about the Mexican troops to Gen. Kleber, telling him how he found it out. He also, told the general of his exciting experience with the jaguar. As Jack was very tired after his scouting trip he was given one week leave of absence. During this time he planned to return for the treasure. Before leaving the fort he made a large bag of canvas. He started Wednesday morning and after a hard day's march he found the stone where the treasure was hidden. It was now getting rather dark so he decided to rest until morning. He was ready early on Thursday. Besides the coins which nearly filled the canvas bag, he discovered several valuable jewels.

Leaving everything around the rock as nearly as possible the way he had found it, he cautiously stole his way back to the fort. He spent the remainder of the week making a strong chest to hold his treasure. Then thinking it would not be safe to leave it in the fort he sent it home to his mother. A few weeks later Jack received a letter from her saying the chest had arrived safely, and also that she had taken the coins and jewels to Gray, Wright & Co., a firm in New York City, to have the value of them determined.

About a month afterwards his company was ordered back to Massachusetts. When Jack reached home he found his Mexican treasure was worth about \$1,000,000, also that some of the coins dated back to the 16th century.

C. H. S. '14

Miss Grace Sage, '09, gave a recital in the Rutland High School Assembly Hall, October 1. She was assisted by Mrs. Edith Hallett Frank, of New York, a soprano, and Miss Erdine Cowlshaw, of Boston, pianist.

## The Diary of Mr. A. V. Ator

July 29, 1910.

Hurrah! I am going to get a real aeroplane, and have already signed a contract to fly at the Rutland Fair. I am going to show these country people some flying, too.

July 30.

Just arrived at New York and am going to look up a good place to put in an order for my flying machine.

August 1.

Have signed an agreement for a Curtis type machine to be finished two weeks from today. That will give me about fourteen days to learn to fly. I think I can easily learn in a week, but I will take two, to make sure of it, because I want to show my town people some real flying.

August 3.

Wittman (the constructor) has the drawings all complete, and they look fine.

August 10.

Am over at Wittman's factory helping the men working on my machine, so they will get along faster.

August 11.

Wittman has his men working overtime, and my machine is far from finished, but they have three days left.

August 13.

Am helping again with my machine and it looks far from completion. Can't understand it.

August 14.

The two weeks are up and the machine is still at the factory. Wittman says only a couple of days more to give her a good finish.

August 20.

Am over at Mineola today waiting for my machine. Have hired two mechanics and a tent.

August 24.

Machine not here yet. I have wired factory. I saw a lot of dubs trying to fly at the aviation field. One crazy headed young fellow turned

completely over (on the ground) and another ran clean through a fence. Both smashed their machines to splinters.

August 30.

I am again over at the factory. They tell me here that two men left them and this made them slow in finishing my aeroplane. At last, however, is ready to ship. The Rutland fair starts to-morrow and I have never been in an aeroplane, but I must fly at the fair. I told Wittman to ship the machine along to Rutland. I am in an awful fix, but I will have to do my best.

September 1, 4 p. m.

I am at a large field, south of the fair grounds, and about ready to take my first flight, over the city of Rutland.

September 1, 5 p. m.

Just landed and smashed about all of front control and one wheel. If the machine was a good flyer I would be on my way over the city now. But perhaps it was the puffy wind that brought me down so hard. My aeroplane is too badly damaged for another flight at this fair. I must get busy and sign up some more contracts before the season closes.

September 5.

I have been figuring my financial part of this game. I made one flight at the Rutland fair, which brought me about \$500. I will make six flights at the Brattleboro Valley Fair next week, which will be about \$2,000, and several flights at Burlington which will bring about \$3,000; total \$5,500. The aeroplane only cost me \$4,000. If my gains keep coming in this way, I will be a millionaire in a month.

September 9.

Have arrived at Brattleboro. I am going to fly at the fair tomorrow.

September 10.

I have a sunny little room at the south end of the hospital. The only comfort I have is that the doctor promises to fix me up in short order. I wonder what happened?

September 13.

I went down to the fair grounds today and saw the remains of my new aeroplane. In fact

that was all there was to see—just remains. It was a miracle I did not break every bone in my body.

I certainly have been buncoed. Wittman guaranteed the machine to be a good flyer, and to be in perfect balance. But here I am stranded in Brattleboro, with my machine in splinters. I now begin to see the financial part of the game in another light. The \$2000 I was to get is reduced to \$200, just enough to cover expenses. My \$4000 machine is a total loss.

September 14.

I am back in Rutland again. My brother told me today that he thought I did not know how to fly, and should go down to Mineola to learn the art before taking another contract. I am beginning to think so too. Guess I will go down this spring and "learn to fly." C. H. S.

## The Freshman Reception

The first social event of the year was held in the Assembly Hall, on the evening of October 4, when the entering class of the school was given an enjoyable reception by members of the Faculty and the three upper classes. In the receiving line, the Faculty was represented by Professor Thomas and Miss Meldon; the Senior class by Robert Boynton and Miss Doris Tuttle; the Junior class by Elery Purdy and Miss Charlotte Smith, and the Sophomore class by Robert Robinson and Miss Dorothea Reynolds. After the receiving, dancing was enjoyed from 8 to 10.30, excellent music being furnished by the Flagg Orchestra. There were about 300, including all of the faculty, in attendance, there being about 100 of the entering class. Just before the fifth dance there was an extra in which the upper class boys took the freshman girls for partners, and the freshmen boys took the upper class girls. There was a large number of unwelcome guests outside, who not wishing to take part in the reception, represented themselves well, with cabages, which they threw in the open windows. They continued to create a disturbance until they were compelled by the principal to disperse.



## Alumni Notes

### CLASS OF 1912.

Robert Athony is at Norwich.  
Hyman Abraham has entered Dartmouth.  
Ethel Adams is at her home on Church St.  
Danford Brown is acting as a messenger boy.  
Clyde Brislin, who has been ill, is convalescing.  
Frank Burke is a P. G. at R. H. S.  
Orris Ballou is performing the duties of a bell boy at the Berwick.

John Cooty is a Freshman at U. V. M.  
Dick Creed is at Norwich.  
Rachel Carpenter is engaged ——— at home.  
Ned Curtis is employed by the Frenier Garage.  
Frances Dunn is at Smith College.  
Constance Dana is at R. H. S. taking a P. G.  
Hannibal Hodges is attending school at U. V. M.

Dorothy Holmes is taking a P. G. at R. H. S.  
Frank Holmes has a position in Lew Abraham's.

Laurence Jones is at Worcester Polytechnic.  
Clayton Kinney is in Rutland.  
Eleanor Lyman is in Alaska.  
Arthur Levy attends U. V. M.  
Margaret Lalor has several music students.  
Idah Loomis is visiting in Somerville, Mass.  
Bertha Martin is teaching in Eastham.  
Dorothy Miller is taking a P. G. at R. H. S.  
Charles Morse is at U. V. M.  
Philip Murdick is at Worcester Polytechnic.  
Jean Merriam took the teachers examination.  
Arthur McGuirk is teaching school.  
Laura Newton has a position in Frank Howard's store.

Mildred Parker is in town.  
Ruth Pratt is taking a P. G.  
Harold Peck is in Albany at the Albany Medical School.

"Billy" Pease has come back to R. H. S. for a P. G.

Mary Russell is at R. H. S. taking a P. G.

Carrol Ross is studying at Middlebury College.  
Ethel Sabin is employed at the Combination Store.

Dorothy Sawyer is attending Bradford Academy.

Lila Spence has moved to Oberlin, O., where she is attending Oberlin College.

Jessie Smith is in Rutland.

Mildred Vincent of Orwell is attending Smith College.

Beulah Wilkinson is a "teacher."

Ruth Provo is teaching school in Millville.

### CLASS OF 1911.

Mildred Blue is teaching in Sherburne.  
Robert McCammon, Jr., has entered Dartmouth College.

Mabel Rowe is teaching in Holden.

Ruth Chalmers has gone back to Mt. Holyoke College.

Dorothy Bigelow has resumed her studies at Oberlin College.

Irene Copps has entered Smith College this fall.

Newman Wade has returned to Syracuse University.

Jack Maloney is at Dartmouth College.

John Cocklin has taken a position in the Marble Savings Bank.

Belle Hayward is teaching in Mt. Holly.

Ernest Gilbert, Harry Holden and Willard Smith are attending U. V. M.

Mary Borah is in Clarendon Springs, teaching.

Florence O'Neil has entered the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Lloyd Aldrich after a trip to the Pacific Coast has resumed his studies at Tuft's College.

Beatrice Launiere is studying at the School of Applied Arts in New York City.

Fred Slack has entered Oberlin College.

Harriett Grandy has returned to Middlebury College.

Mildred Durfee has a school in Florence.

Buell Hascall has returned to Yale.

Mary Clark is teaching in East Dorset.



## Locals



"Bob" Watkins is a reporter on the Herald.

George Schmitt, Ex '11, the young aviator, has been spending a few weeks in Rutland. Mr. Schmitt made several very successful flights at the Rutland Fair in September. He expects to spend the winter in Japan or South America.

Helen Martin has entered Simmons College in Boston.

### OTHER ALUMNI NOTES.

Pauline Boynton, '09, is teaching music.

Mable Root, '06, of Church St., is visiting in Springfield, Mass.

Ruth Adams, '09, has returned to Rutland after spending the summer at Lake Bomoseen.

Marion Ballou, '10, has resumed her studies at Mt. Holyoke.

Fred Platt, '08 has returned to Dartmouth College.

Christine Bigelow, '09, who spent the summer in Ludlow and Springfield, Mass., has returned to Oberlin College.

Ednah Kennedy has returned from an extended trip to Boston and Winchendon, Mass.

Marjorie Barton, '09, and Dorothy Temple, '10, have opened a private kindergarten in the Parish House.

Whitecomb Fairfield, '09, has resumed his studies in Oberlin College.

Walter McGuirk, '08, has returned to Middlebury College.

Marion Colvin, '09, who has been spending a few weeks in Rutland has returned to her home in Boston.

Fred Stafford, '10, has returned to Amherst College after spending the summer at Hyde Manor.

Vera Filiatrault, '10, has re-entered Syracuse University.

Sam Kirk, '09, of New York City, has been in Rutland.

Dyer Merriam, '10, is at U. V. M. in Burlington.

Geraldine Lyston who graduated from the Rutland High School Teachers' Training College last June is teaching school in South Wallingford.

On a recent cornroast, D. S., found a piece of fence wire tied around a tree. "Is this live wire?" she asked cautiously.

When M. M. was hunting for fuel to start a fire to roast corn, some one suggested that P. C.'s "blazer," would make a good fire.

R. B. '13 evidently has a peculiar idea of the ancient Lybians,—he calls them a "broad people."

Miss Bunker, translating Virgil, "Recall your minds."

Miss Nelson, "Did you understand that they had all lost their minds?"

Miss Thomas, in Virgil, "Here Venus had a hundred temples." Miss Nelson, "Isn't that quite a large number in one place?"

Hascall in French class "Avez-vous un crayon? Mine's busted."

Miss Tuttle reciting Algebra, gives a few unnecessary words.

Mr. Thomas, "A great many women have nervous trouble because they talk too much."

No men ever do.

Miss Healey, "Give a plural noun, Miss Huff—, Miss Huff,—B-o-y-'s."

Miss Healey—"And are you giving boys a special inflection?"

Miss Huff—"Oh, I was thinking of the possessive."

And the class wondered if she referred to "Phil."

Fishing season still open at the Young Ladies' Seminary. Ask Miss A—about the pickerel caught there a while ago.

Ad.: Miss L— will take orders for classy drawings. Intelligent-looking horses and sporty drivers a specialty. 10 cents a dozen.

What is the disturbing element in elocution for Miss Pr—? E. Els—.

Miss L.: "What do you do with a direct quotation when it is divided?"

Miss Huff—"Put it together again."



## FOR THE NEW GRAMMAR.

Miss Healey—"Classify sentences according to use."

Miss T.—"Singular and plural."

Miss Healey—"What is a complex sentence?"

Miss T.—"One that contains a simple sentence and one or more clauses."

G. Jones would never make a juggler. He can't balance himself in a chair yet.

There is someone in room C who 'comes from Missouri.' Only instead of asking to be shown he flatly declares that 'You're a liar.' Fortunately, for the sake of peace, he speaks low enough to conceal his identity.

Who is the bright junior who wanted to give the passive of 'possum.'

Shaw in drawing—"I didn't see what you said."

Jones is an expert on the subject of transmigration.

The Wail of the Naughty Juniors—"Rooms, rooms everywhere, nor not a place to meet."

## BUSINESS CARDS.

Mr. Thomas. General practitioner; can deal successfully with all complaints. Private consultations a specialty.

Mr. Conors(?) Doing business at Mr. Mitchell's old stand. Come and get acquainted.

Miss Monroe. Plain and fancy geometry. Algebra an interesting side line. Office hours: 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. AND AFTER.

Mme. Meldon. Dealer in French goods. Can be found at the old stand in room 2.

McIntyre translating B. French, "He leaned on his nose."

Ask Monette, room 2, what a stony anniversary is.

According to Miss Button, Jupiter is the wife of Jove. Did she find it in "Gaily's Myths"?

Miss Button says, Moore is a Norwegian. Is she a historian or geneologist?

Miss P. in C. history.—"Who was the Father of English Literature"? Bright Soph. —Hawthorne.



## Athletics



With the reopening of school the same question again arises as it always has before: "What kind of a football team will Rutland High have?" And without hesitating a second any fellow in the school who is at all interested in athletics could answer: "A swell one."

And we surely will have "a swell one." With only two regulars of last year's team gone, why shouldn't we? And with a sterling captain as we have and an able coach to develop the men to their limit, no one can help feeling optimistic.

Beside this the student body as a whole seems to be backing the team up. This was clearly shown when, early in the season, Professor Thomas brought to light the fact that the Athletic Association was woefully short of funds. Everyone realized immediately it seems that it would be a horrible catastrophe to let material for a team such as we have, go to waste just on account of being short of money. So the students got busy and within a few days the manager of the football team had enough money in hand to carry the team through the season.

This also made possible the hiring of Coach Hayden. It would have been a pity indeed if we had no such man as this to help the team along. Within a short time after his arrival he had two teams on the field, something that has always been hard to do before as all the positions seemed to have been "cinched" by certain men. But now the veterans have found that they can loaf no longer but must get out and hustle to hold their positions.

In all probability by the time this issue of the Oread reaches its readers the team will already have several victories to its credit.

We regret to state that we cannot publish the schedule for the season in this column as Manager Norton has not quite rounded it out as yet. Among some of the games already scheduled, however, are those with Troy Conference Academy and Vermont Academy, two of our strongest rivals.

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## THE INTERCLASS SERIES.

Sophomores 6; Freshman 0.

In the first of the interclass football games for possession of the silver cup the Sophs defeated the Freshies. The sides were well balanced, the game was hard fought throughout. The feature of the game was the work of McMinn on the secondary defense of the Freshmen. He backed his line up splendidly, stopping play after play on both sides of the line. For the Sophomores Horan proved a consistent ground gainer beside playing well on the defense.

The lineup:

1915	1916
Hascall, r. e. ....	l. e., Radigan
Aldrich, r. t. ....	l. t., Ladabouche
Lamb, r. g. ....	l. g., Marsh
Dawson, c. ....	c., Waite
Sweeney, l. g. ....	r. g., Goodrich
Proctor, l. t. ....	r. t., Hartman
Jones, l. e. ....	r. e., Hyland
Borah, q. b. ....	cap-q. b., Lee
Horan, l. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Clark
Homer, f. b., ....	f. b., McMinn
Tarble, r. h. b. ....	l. h. b., Cady

Seniors, 39; Juniors, 0.

Everyone was given an intimation of what kind of a school team we are going to have this year when the Senior team, which is composed mostly of members of last year's Varsity, overwhelmed the Juniors by score of 39—0.

The Seniors scored their first touch-down by straight line plunges but the second came when the Juniors, after having received the ball on the kick-off fumbled it almost on their goal line and it was picked up by Lynch who, incidentally played a star game for the Seniors. A majority of the Senior touch-downs were scored in this manner, that is on flukes. In the last half, however, they recovered several clever forward passes which also led to touch-downs.

The lineup:

1913	1914
Dawson, l. e. ....	r. e., Johnson
Davis, l. t. ....	r. t., Murphy
Miner, l. g. ....	r. g., Landon
Marglioni, c. ....	c., Earle
Litchfield, r. g. ....	l. g., W. Miner
Canty, r. t. ....	l. t., Wing
Burke, r. l. ....	l. e., E. Purdy
Kennedy, q. b. ....	p. b., Beane
H. Purdy, r. h. b. ....	l. h. b., Pearsons
Lynch, f. b. ....	f. b., Thomas
Fuller, l. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Gilbert

Seniors, 19; Sophomores, 0.

Although the Seniors played with only a remnant of the team which defeated the Juniors they managed to beat the Sophs to the tune of 19—0 thereby winning the cup which they also won last year. The feature of the game was the playing of the three men in backfield of the Seniors, Purdy, Lynch and Fuller. The lineup:

1913	1915
Dawson, l. e. ....	r. e., Hascall
Davis, l. t. ....	r. t., Aldrich
Miner, l. g. ....	r. g., Lamb
Marglioni, c. ....	c., Dawson
..... r. g. ....	l. g., Sweeney
Canty, r. t. ....	l. t., Proctor
Hyland, r. e. ....	l. e., E. Purdy
H. Purdy, q. b. ....	q. b., Borah
Lynch, l. h. b. ....	l. h. b., Horan
..... f. b. ....	f. b., Homer
Fuller, r. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Tarble



## Exchanges



As yet no exchanges have been received but we hope to receive some before the next issue.

"Oi'll work no more for that man Polan."

"An why?"

"Shure, an' 'tis on account av a remark he made."

"An phwat was that?"

"Says he, 'Casey' says he, 'you're discharged.'"

—Ex.

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Nom. Pig.

Gen. Pigri.

Dat. Squili.

Acc. Gruntum.

Abl. Squili.

Ex.

Senior—"Why did the fly fly?"

Fresh—"Because the spider spider."

Ex.

There is a girl in our town

Who is so wondrous fat,

An umbrella o'er her head

Looks like a tiny hat.

Ex.

CALM BUT NOT COLLECTED.

Reporter—"Was Casey calm and collected when the boiler explosion occurred?"

Citizen—"Well, he was calm all right; but they never did get him quite collected."

Ex.

At the Glee Club—Director (in a thundering voice) "Why on earth don't you come in when I tell you to?"

First Bass (meekly)—"How can a fellow get in if he can't find his key?"

Ex.

Pat—"What be the charges for a funeral notice in your paper?"

Editor—"Fifty cents an inch."

Pat—"Good heavens! And me poor brother was six feet high."

Ex.

Hostess—"Why, professor, didn't you bring your wife?"

Professor—"There, I knew I'd forgotten something."

Ex.

Pat (ordering hay for his horses)—"Hello, feed store?"

Storeman—"Yes."

Pat—"Well, send up a ton of hay, will you?"

Storeman—"You bet, who is it for?"

Pat—"Don't get gay; it's for the horses, of course."

Ex.

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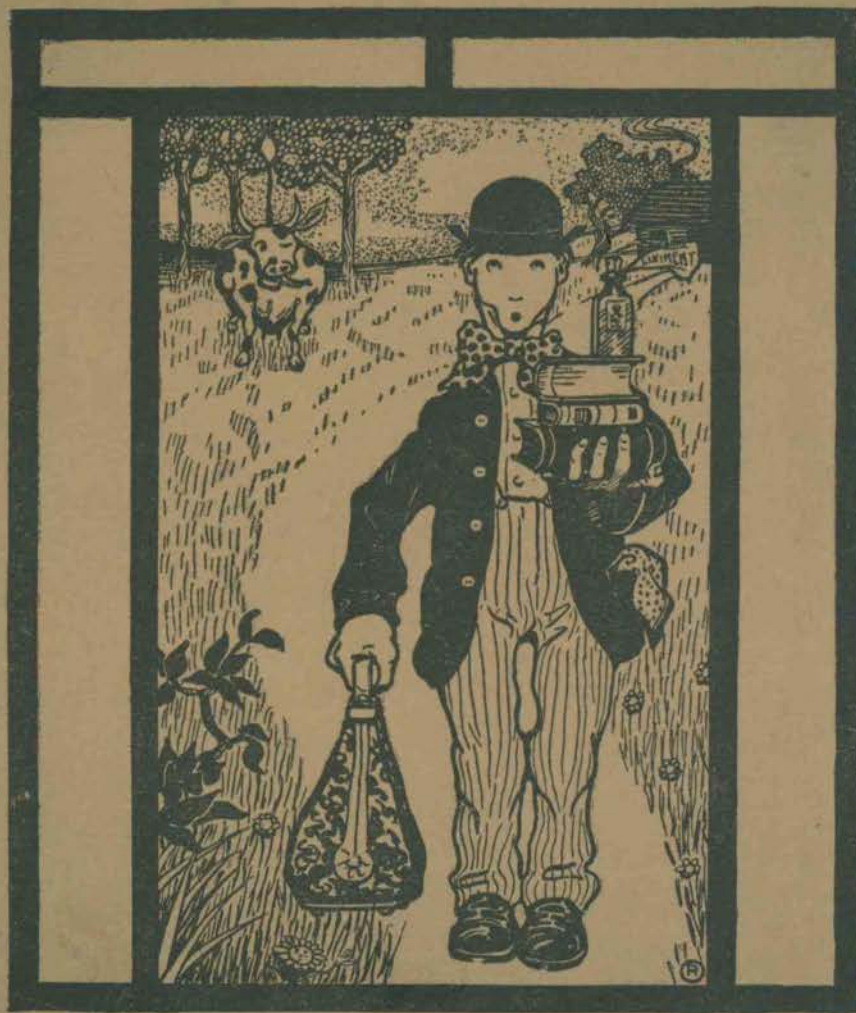
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# The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.  
November, 1912

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# The Oread

Vol. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 2

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## Editorials

Once more comes the season of harvest and with it Thanksgiving—a thought bringing cheerful remembrances to most of us. The delicious odors of the delicately browned turkey already reach us; we can see the glasses of sparkling cider and the rosy apples and smell the rich mince and pumpkin pies. We are filled with joy at the idea of a short vacation, and with the thought of seeing again those who have been gone since September; for Thanksgiving brings home those away, either at college, or at work.

But to the high school students and especially to Seniors comes the thought not only of Thanksgiving but also an added pleasure—the Senior play, which is presented annually the night after Thanksgiving. There are always these questions; what will the play be this year, and will it be successful in all ways. The latter, of course, will be true. It always is, and

as Seniors, we hope this year it will be especially so. The play has already been selected, "The Private Tutor," and by the time this paper has reached its readers, the coach will be well along in drilling the caste. The play means a great deal of work for a few, but they are willing to do it for the sake of the class as a whole.

In spite of the fun and merriment in store for us, let it also be a time for true thanksgiving. As we think what the first Thanksgiving Day meant to our fathers, we realize how much more we have to be grateful for now. However, in our own thankfulness, let us not forget the less fortunate neighbor to whom the day cannot be much of a reality. Let us take time to give to them a little of our bounty and the day will be much brighter for them, and we ourselves will be happier, knowing we have helped others.



### Across the Continent.

Where could be found a more beautiful place from which to start for a trip than the great Pennsylvania Terminal in New York City?

One hot morning early in August, nineteen hundred twelve a special train left this station for a run of approximately seven thousand miles. It was a fine train made up entirely of steel cars. The equipment even included a pianola in the observation compartment. There were one hundred and ten people in the party, "The Pennsylvania Party" as we were officially called. Almost all the Eastern States and some of the Southern were represented.

After coming out of the Hudson Tunnel we rode for miles through the New Jersey swamps, then these gave place to beautiful suburban homes.

The first thing of marked interest which we saw was the great stone arch bridge across the Susquehanna River west of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. This bridge which carries the four-tracked main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is three thousand eight hundred feet in length, being the longest stone arch bridge in the world.

The next interesting point along this great railroad system is the Horse Shoe Curve. This curve is one of the most famous pieces of railroad engineering. It is a perfect horse shoe in shape built on the side of a mountain along the Alleghippus Gorge near Altoona, a town in western Pennsylvania.

That night we left the mountains behind and next morning found that the train was whizzing through the level fields of Indiana. The train was transferred around Chicago and the afternoon was spent in riding through Wisconsin.

Toward evening it was rumored that we were soon to cross the Mississippi River. We reached the town of La Crosse about five-thirty and soon after rode over the "Father of Waters" and for many miles followed its banks up the

west side. The river is so wide that a system of jetties has been built to force a channel. The scenery is very wild and beautiful from the west side. High bluffs of a brick red color form the east bank.

Not long after leaving the Mississippi we ran into St. Paul, Minnesota, and then on to Minneapolis.

The next morning, the second after leaving New York, we found ourselves in the great wheat regions of North Dakota. The wheat fields stretched to the horizon on every side.

Late in the afternoon we left these to enter the Bad Lands which are indeed interesting. The prairies gives place to low hills which are bare and absolutely devoid of vegetation. Here and there an abandoned gold mine may be seen. The ranch where Theodore Roosevelt passed much of his youth is not far from the Northern Pacific Railroad in the center of the Bad Lands. We were all glad to think that the next morning would find us in the Rocky Mountains, for here we were to spend a week coaching through Yellowstone National Park.

The train was due at Gardiner, Montana, at six A. M., making the time from New York to Gardiner sixty seven hours and ten minutes. This remarkable time was due particularly to the fact that there were no stops whatever except at division points or for water and occasionally for signals.

Exactly on time our "traveling-home" stopped before a station entirely different from any we have seen before. The stations on all three railroads on which we had ridden were quite pretty especially those on the Pennsylvania, where the landscape gardening is extremely beautiful. Each station is surrounded by beautiful flowers and shrubbery, but this little station on the Gardiner Branch of the Northern Pacific surpassed all.

It was built of rough hewn logs. The waiting room appeared much more like a huge living room. A fire roared in a great lava-stone

fireplace at one end, and the warmth was very acceptable, for the early morning air in this high altitude was very cold and crisp, quite different from the hot, muggy atmosphere which enveloped the east when we left.

Many rustic chairs and tables were arranged in such a manner about the room, that each seemed made for its particular place. In fact the only suggestion of a waiting-room was a tiny office in one corner where a telegraph instrument ticked busily.

But even the charms of this building were not sufficient to keep most of the party inside, for the sun shone brightly on the snow-capped peaks which could be seen on every side.

The mountain of particular interest was Electric Peak, so-called because of the wonderful electrical displays about its summit, during storms in that vicinity.

Electric Peak is more than eleven thousand feet high and the view of it from Gardiner is considered the finest.

This mountain is composed of a golden brown rock and with its snow-covered summit it presented a striking picture illuminated by the sunshine and clearly outlined against a deep blue sky.

Our attention was then attracted by a great stone arch which is the northern entrance to Yellowstone Park. The arch was built by the United States government and bears the inscription, "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." The stone used is a lava-stone which is very popular in the mountain country. It is dark gray in color and resists the elements remarkably.

As the coaches were not to arrive till about nine, some of the party walked to the town of Gardiner about a quarter of a mile distant. Gardiner is a typical Western village. There is one street with buildings on one side. It requires about three minutes to walk through the entire town which, withal, is interesting to an "Easterner."

Soon after returning to the station the

tally-ho coaches each drawn by six horses, began to arrive. We said goodbye to our "Special" which was to wait for us at Livingston, a railroad center not far away, and started for our first drive in the Park.

Just after passing under the arch before mentioned we crossed the Montana-Wyoming line. The road winds along the Gardiner River for about two miles and then begins to ascend.

The Gardiner River is very interesting. It is fed entirely from the boiling springs in the park the water reaching the river bed through underground passages. The ascent from the river is very steep and the scenery is delightful.

After a four-mile drive we reached Fort Yellowstone and found ourselves at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel a great dark-red structure. A guide was about to start out over the "formations" and many of our party went with him.

Perhaps the term "formations" needs a little explanation. From time immemorial boiling water has been running out of the ground in many places in this vicinity. This water leaves a sediment and it is of this sediment that the formations are composed. There is a hill near Mammoth Hot Springs entirely of this material. It was over this hill that we were guided.

When water is running over the formation the colors are beautiful and varied, the predominating one being salmon pink, but when a sufficient amount of sediment has been deposited it causes a change in the course of the water and the dry formation at once becomes pure white and crumbles a little on the surface, looking much like lime.

The hillside is divided into many terraces the largest of which is Jupiter. We climbed to the top of this one and then we saw several pools of boiling water.

One was a turquoise blue, another lavender, a third pale green, while a fourth was pink. The colors are caused by the different sediments which form the bottom of the pools.



Farther on we came to Cupid's Cave. Here is a little boiling pool down in a cone-shaped hollow. The pool was a deep pink and the sides gradually grew lighter till at the surface it was the same dead white.

At last after a difficult climb we reached the summit of the hill and the view was superb.

The Rockies towered on every hand. The hotel was visible, a mere speck with the fort buildings near by. We could look down on all the terraces and the colored pools.

Starting down the other side we came to the Devil's Kitchen. This is a great cave which must be entered by a ladder through a very narrow passage. The heat is intense and there are innumerable bats.

The next interesting point was Bath Lake, the water of which is always tepid.

We returned to the hotel by a different route, passing Hymen Terrace—the most beautiful of all. This terrace is entirely different, being marble white despite the boiling water that runs over it constantly.

In the afternoon we walked to the Buffalo Coral, where a small herd of buffalo is kept for the pleasure of tourists. A great herd is kept on the Buffalo Ranch in a remote region of the Park. This small herd is rounded up at three every afternoon and at this time we planned to see them. They were fine specimens.

The hotels in Yellowstone Park are owned by the United States Government but are leased to a syndicate.

The Yellowstone Park Transportation Company manages a fine coaching service. The coaches used are the famous Concord coaches made in Concord, N. H., and are drawn by four horses.

No motor vehicles are allowed in the park which is patroled by United States soldiers constantly.

The day after we reached Monmouth we were to start on our tramp of the park. The morning dawned clear and cool as the preced-

ing day. At eight o'clock the coaches began to arrive. Soon the entire Pennsylvania Party were seated and we commenced a twenty-mile drive to Norris Geyser Basin.

There was not a mile which was not filled with interesting scenery.

D. S. S. '14

(To be continued.)

### **The Diary of Mr. A. V. Ator.**

(Continued from the October issue.)

April 1.

Well, here I am "setting up" at Mineola with the intentions of doing some real flying to-morrow.

April 2.

Am about ready for a jump across the field, Capt. Baldwin, who seems to take an interest in me, gave me a great lecture about "grass cutting", and not to fly (in the air), just yet, although I could if I wanted to.

April 3.

Was getting along great but I flew over the much dreaded "grave yard" to-day and thanks to the good luck that I was not very high. Well, the result is that I have a good week's work along the construction line.

April 30.

Luck is coming my way all right. To-day I signed agreements with my new manager and partner "Gus" to do exhibition flying at a salary of \$750.00 per week for the first ten weeks, \$1,000.00 per week, for the following ten weeks, and after that \$2,000.00 per week. As I am not of age I sent the contracts home for father to sign. Capt. told me to-day that he thought I did not have enough training for exhibition work, but I think differently.

May 13.

We just arrived at Springfield, L. I., where I am to fill a contract for L. C. Squires Co., real estate people of New York. My own 60

Elbridge, I have sent to the factory for a thorough overhauling; and the Company favored me by sending me a 90 to fill this date with.

May 14. 3 P. M.

My! I wonder how this happened.

Here I am about 900 feet from my starting point minus half my 'plane. I thought she acted kind of funny when she would not respond to my controls.

4 P. M.

Well, the nerve of these telephone people by asking me "How soon can you settle for the damage you did to the telegraph wires and pole"? I understand that I did get mixed up with their old pole just as I was leaving the ground.

May 15.

We are still over at Springfield. The people here said that I did not get off the ground, but thanks to the soft ground which I ran over that showed where I left the ground and about ten feet further in, where I landed. "Gus" received about \$500 for my flight by telling them that there was at least \$800 damage to my machine. If I had my own "60" motor instead of this high powered "90" I could have easily gotten away with this contract. The "90" vibrated so much that it shook the nut off every bolt on my machine and almost made me seasick.

June 1.

Now I am ready to fill some real contracts. My own motor is back from the factory and my plane is in great shape at present. We leave for Erie, Pa., to-morrow, where I make five 40-foot jumps at \$200 each. Just think of a 40-foot jump considered as a flight, but I will do more than this just to show them that I am capable of doing so.

June 4.

I am about ready to make a 15 minute flight over lake Erie, but at present this confounded

motor will run on one cylinder only. My mechanic can't locate the trouble.

June 5.

I lost the flight yesterday because the motor refused to fire in all four, and to-day she ran fine but vibrated so that the timer was shaken off and several important pieces were lost. This makes two flights I have lost but I think I can get three in to-morrow and two in each of the last two days making the full \$1,000.

June 6.

Am having the worst luck. The wind blew from the wrong direction to-day and I lost this flight also.

June 7.

Great weather to-day but the air is rather "cheesy." Just as I was leaving the field a puff hit me and landed me square on a barbed wire fence.

June 8, A. M.

This is my last day here and I must make good to-day or die in the attempt. Machine will be ready this afternoon.

2 P. M.

Had a great start with motor singing O. K. but just as I was about to leave the ground my front control fell off. More hard luck, but no breaks this trip.

3 P. M.

I made a two-minute flight, about 35 feet altitude. "Gus" could get no more than our guarantee money (\$200) which about cleared expenses, I now see where I go back to New York, and work at the old \$8.00 per, until we get on our feet again.

Aug. 3.

Have been working at my old stand at \$8.00 per, since we returned from Erie. Things are looking brighter now. My manager signed up for Lynchburg, Va., to-day. As my own machine is useless and my motor powerless, we hired a Curtiss racer to fill this date.



Aug. 8.

Arrived at Lynchburg very tired from our long trip. Can stand almost everything but this fearful heat, the niggers and the "mush"—or whatever it is—that is served in the poor hotels in this part of the country.

Aug. 10. I P. M.

Am about ready to do the "trick" from the small ball diamond which was given to us for a starting "field."

1.30 P. M.

I just made a rather hard landing in a "honeysuckle tree."

Aiken, the fellow I hired this machine of claimed it to be in perfect balance. But as I left the ground I at once saw that she was way (?) tail heavy, but it was then too late. I did not dare to cut the power for fear of "pancaking" and demolishing the 'plane. In this case the only possible way to bring her down, was to leave my seat and climb out as far as possible on the front frame work, to bring her back in balance. I did this successfully but while doing so I did not notice the tall tree which I was rapidly approaching. The next minute there was an awful crash and I knew no more until Gus and several doctors—who happened to be present—extracted me from the wreck, not much worse from the experience. I often think now of this miraculous escape, when one lone wire held the heavy motor from crushing my "bean."

Aug. 17.

We are now on our way to Potsdam, N. Y., with a brand new outfit, consisting of an all steel biplane, a Hall Scott "60," extras, etc. We must get away with this date and make good.

Aug. 18.

Another old rail fence got in my path of flight to-day and I have as a result a propeller and five fractured ribs (of the 'plane, not mine.)

Aug. 19.

After working all night we have succeeded in getting ready for another flight.

3 P. M.

Well, I just landed after a flight of a half mile in which I fairly had to drag this rotten tail heavy machine over the tops of fences and stone walls.

Aug. 20.

This is the last day of this fair and I just hopped over another fence.

If I had a decent plane I could have flown all over this country. But I am not going to leave this place until I make a good flight, because of unpleasant remarks made to me by some of the bright farmers of the country fair, such as: "Why don't you put dynamite under it mister?"; "Hey thar get a sky hook," "Ye's skeered to go up, ain't ye?"; "I don't think you know how to fly," and many other such as these that would get any normal person's "goat."

Aug. 22.

After much hard labor we have the new 'plane balanced at last, and we are using the highest gas we can obtain, so as to get all the possible power to lift this poorly constructed machine. Gus has arranged a series of contracts for me to fill, flying from town to town in a circuit of 150 miles. When I get thru with these dates I will be some noted aviator, and the financial end will net me about \$12,000.00. I have already chosen my style of automobile which I will purchase after filling these exhibitions and retiring. To-morrow I fly from Potsdam to Gouverneur, a distance of seventy six miles.

Aug. 23. 4.15 P. M.

Here I am at the start of my 150 mile circuit, altitude 800 feet, speed 65 miles per hour.

5.30 P. M.

Been flying one hour and thirty minutes and am now over a town which corresponds

to the map on my steering wheel. This must be Gouverneur. My altitude is now about 6000 feet. I must look for a suitable landing and try and wave at the people, over a mile below me, who seem to have gone crazy on seeing me. Every whistle is also trying to shriek itself out of steam. This certainly is a hearty welcome. "Good night!" my motor has stopped the gasoline supply is exhausted and I am directly over the city. Now to use my "bean."

C. H. S., '14.

(To be continued.)

### The Play.

The Class of Nineteen-thirteen  
Is about to give a play;  
The time of this looked-for event  
Is upon Thanksgiving Day

The "Private Tutor" will be fine,  
Its characters are great,  
Be sure and buy your tickets, friends,  
Before it is too late.

You must see the prettily Dolly  
Who is really our friend Maude,  
And the famous Private Tutor  
Who is nothing but a fraud.

Mrs. Spencer is perfection  
When she's talking to her 'John,'  
One would think for many reasons  
That it was not all put on.

You can't afford to miss it,  
'Tis one you'll ne'er forget,  
For of all the plays of R. H. S.  
'Twill be the best one yet.  
M. U., '13

### Follow Your Nose, Little Man.

Policeman (to little boy who has lost his way): "Well, my little man, who are you?"

Boy: "Huh, I'm de guy wot put de nose in nosegay."—Ex.

Prisoner: "There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Cassey: "Phwat, run away and never come back again? You stand here and I will run after your hat."—Ex.

### What and Where Among the Alumni.

Christine Bigelow '09, has recently been elected vice president of the women's board of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and also member of the honor court. The third year class of the conservatory has also chosen her as its president. Miss Bigelow is taking the most difficult course offered in the theory of music besides her study of piano and organ.

Vera Egleston, '10, is teaching in the Rutland Business College. She has returned from a visit with friends in Boston.

Florence Butler, '11, has resumed her studies at Middlebury college.

"John Cooty, a student at U. V. M. spent Sunday at his home on Washington street."

"Charles Morse, Jr., a student at U. V. M., spent the week end with his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morse of Spellman Terrace."

"Arthur Levy, a student at U. V. M. is expected to-day to spend a few days with his father, Joseph Levy of Center street." Poor homesick freshies!

Mary Clark, '11, is teaching school in East Dorset.

Mable Root, '06, was married in Oct. to Dr. Carter R. Woods of this city. They will be at home after Dec. 1, 1912.

Carl Brehmer, '10 is a student at Norwich.

Charlotte McQuirk, '11, who has been teaching in Mendon is at her home on East St. Her school has been closed on account of the measles.

Ednah Blanchard, '08, is visiting friends in Nashua, N. H.

John Moloney, '11, Robert McCammon, Jr., '11, and Hyman Abraham, '12, students at Dartmouth college made a short visit in town. The trip was made by automobile.

Orris Ballou, '12, is taking a P. G. at R. H. S.

Rachel Carpenter is the first bride from the class of 1912. She was married to Amherst B. Weeks of Clarendon Oct. 16.



Newman Wade, '11, who has been confined to his home by illness is able to be out.

Ednah Kennedy, '10, is visiting in Boston.

Anna Hulihan, '11, has returned to Middlebury college.

Jean Merriam, '12, has taken a school.

Ruby Nichols, '11, has entered the Rutland city hospital, where she is taking a nurse's course.

Horace Colburn, '08, who was graduated from Dartmouth in June has taken a position at Patch's.

Beulah Wilkinson, '12, has a school in Salisbury.

Reta Beardsley, '10, is attending the Castleton Normal School.

Ruth Adams, '09, who has been critically ill at the New York Hospital in N. Y., is much better and is now out of danger.

Hannibal Hodges, '12, is taking at R. H. S. a P. G.

Rollins Burditt, '10, has resumed his studies at Norwich after a year's absence.

Mary Russell, '12, is taking a course in music at the Convent.

## Athletic Notes

Rutland High ushered in its football season by winning its first game from Burr and Burton Seminary 58-0. The High School fellows put up a snappy game and after the first few minutes of play the result was never in doubt. Rutland ran around its opponent's ends almost at will and also made substantial gains through the lines and on forward passes. For Rutland, Capt. Lynch and H. Purdy played an exceptional game although the work of the team as a whole was all that could be wished.

The following Wednesday, Oct. 9, Rutland journeyed down to Saxtons River to meet Vermont Academy. The Rutland fellows soon found that they were up against a different

proposition than they had been in the first game. They were undaunted, however, and set to work with a will, and before the first period had ended they had scoured a touchdown on their heavier opponents. But the Academy boys came back strong in the next quarter and they too scored a touchdown. The goal following the touchdown was kicked thus putting the Prep. school fellows in the lead as Rutland had failed to kick the goal following her touchdown. After this the playing was even till late in the third period Vermont worked the ball down to Rutland's twenty-yard line and a neat drop-kick gave the Academy fellows three more points. This was the last scoring that was done although in the last period the Rutland boys repeatedly threatened their opponents' goal. The game was marred more or less by the work of seemingly incompetent officials. For Rutland High, Lynch played a fine game both on offense and defense.

In the third game a team representing the Troy Conference Academy played the Rutland High team to a scoreless tie. The game was close, interesting and hard-fought, neither team having any decided advantage. For Rutland Captain Lynch, Burke and Miner starred while T. C. A.'s play was featured by the work of Torrence and La Francis.

A week later R. H. S. played Bellows Falls High. Rutland went on the field expecting to meet a weak team but the Bellows Falls boys sprang a surprise and held the home team at bay throughout the game till in the last few seconds of play Gilbert kicked a beautiful goal from the field from the 35 yard line winning the game for Rutland 3-0.

Then came another scoreless game with Middlebury High School. In the first half the visitors had all the best of the play but in the last half they seemed to tire and Rutland came near scoring several times but each attempt was repulsed. The game ended with the ball near the center of the field. Lynch and Burke for Rutland, Burns and Huntley for Middle-

bury, were the players whose work showed above that of their team mates.

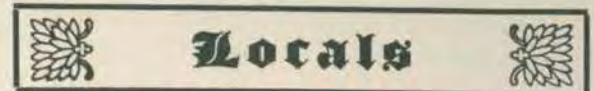
A few days later Rutland did not fare so well for they were defeated at Middlebury by the same team, 13-0. Middlebury got the jump on their opponents at the very start and within five minutes had crossed Rutland's goal line. After this Rutland braced up and were not scored on again till in the last period Corkran, Middlebury's big fullback, caught a punt at the center of the field and ran through the entire Rutland team for the second touchdown. Burns kicked the following goal. This game was the poorest exhibition that the Rutland fellows have put up but the defeat seemed to do them good as on the following Saturday they out-played the Middlebury College second team and won 6-0. The High School fellows put up an excellent game fairly outplaying their heavier opponents who out weighed them about fifteen pounds to a man. Burke playing at quarter, was the stellar performer of the day. He kept the fellows working every minute and put up an excellent game on the offense and defense as well. Captain Lynch also played his usual fine game.

The line up of the High School in the majority of these games has been; Litchfield or Burke, r. e., Davis, r. t., Miner, r. g., Pearsons, e., Dawson or Schmidt, l. g., Cauty or Wing, l. t., E. Purdy, l. e., Burke or Borah, q. b., H. Purdy, r. h. b., Capt. Lynch, f. b., Fuller or Gilbert, l. h. b.

A few more games have yet to be played and the School team and its many supporters are confidently looking forward to several additional victories.

What were P. U. '18 and H. C. '15 doing with telescopes in the afternoon of Nov. 3?

The funniest thing about Room 2 is that the pupils there can't seem to say anything funny enough to print.



Miss P.—“How was dress changed after Crusades?”

Catozzi—“Longer.”

Moriglioni—“Fish and herrings were exported.”

Miss Smith—“Potatoes were discovered in Ireland.”

Mr. Thomas (A. Eng.—to Gardner)—“You read like a kinder-(Gardner.)”

Shaw—“The Crusades depopulized the country.”

The Seniors were amused one day by seeing a four-footed canine taken from Room A.

Why does Miss Rhines pay so much attention to Reed and Stafford of Room 4?

Miss R.—“What made Cotton Mather so wise?”

Miss Robert—“He had three wives.”

Miss R.—“What name is given to Ann Bradstreet?”

Miss La Val.—“Anna of the Alley.”

Miss R.—“How was Edwards put out of Church?”

Eaton.—“Kicked out.”

Why is it that B. L., E. K., J. E., laugh so much when Miss Pease says “maintenant?”

Ask Miss Kellogg why she doesn't move down to Room A as she is there so many evenings.

Miss K— is looking for a French tutor. Miss Pease suggests Miss La Val—.

Eaton—“May I have a piece of paper to sharpen my pencil?”

Kennedy (A Eng.) “and—a, and—a, and—a that's all I have.”

Ask C. C., Room A, why she received a “palm” in elocution.

Fuller—“He was quiet  
Quiet was she”

Miss Davis in Ancient History was going to scrape Mt. Olympus.



Ellsworth—"I took one blissful mouthful." We are delighted to know it didn't hurt you, Ed.

Miss Fish—"The dumb man couldn't talk." Strange!

White—"Mohammedans weren't strong enough."

Miss P.—"Put it the other way."

White—"They were too weak."

Catozzi—"Spices were used by Mohammedans."

Miss Smith—"It helped politically."

Miss Purdon—"What, the spices?"

Miss Rhines—"Miss Fish please read the 'Sparrow and the Bluebird.'"

Miss Newton—"Sometimes bows annoy girls dreadfully." Miss N. says we may take that the way we like.

Can the length of a line be determined if you know its width and diameter?

It depends. Off hand we would say yes, but at second thoughts perhaps not yes. Also, it would appear that all things being equal or nearly so, that considering, but notwithstanding otherwise, and contrary, to the adapted methods of reasoning it would be possible in direct juxtaposition of the integrating values, that the prevailing factor of the results thereby obtained and in so far as their length may be concerned could be easily ascertained without taking recourse to the apparent retrogressive direction of the aforesaid length of the line.

J. L. C. '13.

We wonder how it happened that the students in Room C have so much money that they can hand it over to the teacher.

Miss Meldon in French: "Quelle est la fleur la plus charmante de votre jardin?" Voice from the back of the room: "Le Chou!" According to this theory, what a lot of bouquets were thrown on Hallowe'en!

#### HALLUCINATIONS OF OUR CLASS-MATES

Murdiek: Thinks he is a Frenchman.

Purdy: Thinks he is a mint. Well, others of us would think so too if they had as much pin-money as he has.

Johnson: Thinks he's the end man at a minstrel show.

Norton: Thinks he is a post-office. He is!

After many vain attempts the Juniors at last succeeded in electing the following class officers: President, Ellery Purdy. Vice-President, Charlotte Smith. Treasurer, Leonard Wing. Secretary, Gerald Murphy.

This business finished they then proceeded to select their class pin. This was easier than the election of the officers. One design was so superior to all the others that there was only one vote cast against it.

We wonder if H. K. '13 uses a curling iron or kids.

R. B. T. in Cicero: "They know I know they know." A knowing translation!

Talk about your yellow journals. The paper circulated every morning in Room 2 is as highly colored as they make 'em, literally as well as figuratively.

Ask E. P. about the German Indian in the time of the Revolution.

Miss Poole in C French—"Tous les élèves sont assis sur les banes. All the pupils are standing on their heads."

Lamb giving a graphic picture of Charlemagne. "He appeared on the field of battle riding on an iron horse and wearing iron helmets."

W—(in undertone) "Must have looked like a junk heap!"

Miss Purdon in C. English History—"What happened in 1453?" Eaton—"Columbus discovered America."

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Miss Sherwood in C. French—"Tous les hommes qui sont ici sont mes amis!"

Miss Purdon wants to know if Reynolds is going to vote this November.

Sher—d translating, "Il a écrit une lettre à sa mère tous les jeudis." "He has written a letter to her mother every Thursday." We wonder why he happened to think of translating "sa mère" her mother (?)

Miss Button in explaining local color says that Freckles is full of it!

Adv. Wanted an unprejudiced and unsusceptible lawyer for E. Fag—'14.

Ask J. Nor—n '13 who his choice for assistant timekeeper is.

Miss Purdon—"What does an invading army do when they go to their enemy's country?"

Aldrich—"They steal all the chickens and things."

We would like to suggest that Reynolds find another pocket for his tobacco box.

M. F. M. '13 translating in German: "He ran against a tree and fell." Was he coming from the cider mill we wonder.

Science E. T.—"I lighted a match and it lit."

Miss B. explaining dilating powers of an anaconda. "These snakes sometimes swallow human being as large as you, or even as large as myself."

Miss Meldon acts surprised when Wade gets a perfect paper in French.

Miss Archer translating German: "He was called by his mother Queen Louise."

Everybody in Room 4 the second period in the morning, wants to know why Mr. Connor had to change rooms and send Miss Thomas in there.

According to Squires the Philippines are south of Europe.

Thomson in C. French: "The gardens in the garden are higher than mine."

Hascall '15 in 4 C. English explaining why the pen is mightier than the sword. "A man had a pig-pen that drove all the people out of the town."

The "Young Ladies' Seminary" is a thing of the past as a new member has been admitted and it will in the future be known as the "Co-educational Institute."

We wonder what would happen: If Hazel H. didn't have dates after school, If Ruth Al. ceased to be "Battey," If Margaret La. didn't like aeroplanes. If Ruth Pr. studied her grammar.

Root in English was looking very diligently at something which had rolled across the floor and had stopped under his desk. Miss B— just then called on him to read. It happened that he did not know the place.

"Root," said Miss B—, "have you lost your brains, and is that what you are looking for on the floor?"

Miss B— to Parris, who jumps when the fellow behind him tickles him in the ribs.

"Poor little boy, did he bother you?"

Miss Rhines in 4 English—"Miss Kellogg where did the hermit get the pie?" Miss K.— "He shot it."

#### Written Test.

Miss Pease—"Tell part of the Egyptian literature."

G. S.—"They had romance and fairy tails."

Miss Pease—"What day of the week is Sunday?"

R. B.—"Sometimes the sixth and sometimes the seventh."

**Y**OU YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL FELLOWS can usually depend on "The store that sets the pace" to come across with the new stuff first. See us this fall for your new suit, o'coat, Regal calf pumps for dancing, gloves, or any of the other necessities. You'll find things as usual—right.

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## Exchanges

By the next issue of the Oread we hope to have received many new and all our old exchanges. Those received so far are as follows: "The Adelpian," Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Blue Owl," Attleborough, Mass.; "The Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.; "The Granitian," Salt Lake City, Utah; "The Hermonite," Mt. Hermon, Mass.; "The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.; "The Onas," Philadelphia, Penn.; "The Pennant," Meriden, Conn.; "The Register," Burlington, Vt.; "The Vermont Cynic," U. V. M., Vt.; "Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.

After each issue of the Oread the exchanges received the month before can be found in Room 2 on the table.

Welcome to our exchange column, "Blue Owl." We hope to see you often throughout the year.

"The Pennant."—Your story "The Spy," in the September issue, is very good.

"The Register."—where are your athletic notes? Your paper would be improved with a table of contents.

"The High School Herald."—Why not print the criticisms received from other papers?

### FORKED LIGHTNING.

"I eat a hasty meal at twelve  
And afterwards I wonder  
If it's called a lightning lunch because  
It makes me feel like thunder."

Ex.

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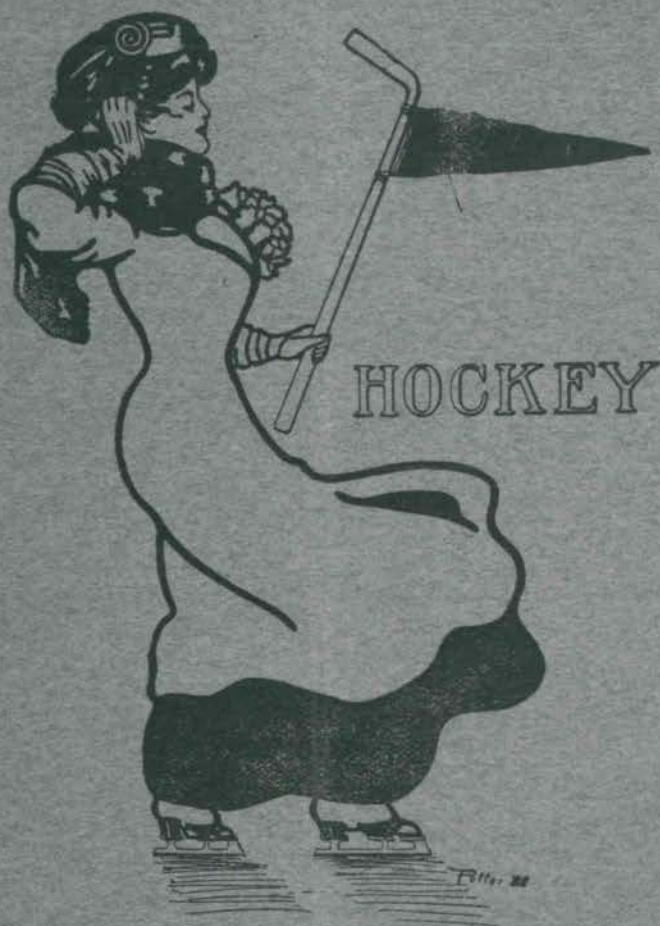
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# The Oread



Published by the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.  
December, 1912



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INCORPORATED NOVEMBER, 1850

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The Oread

VOL. VII. DECEMBER, 1912. No. 3.

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Editorials

Aerial navigation of today is no more a joke than the railway was fifteen years ago, or the automobile ten years ago, or the steamship eighty years ago. It has on the contrary the foundation of a rapid progressing industry. It is a matter of no more than a few years after this is written, when the machine of the air will enter every civilized section of this world upon an epoch of wide development and application.

Man's method of travel about the planet he inhabits, is in three distinct ways, by land, by water—and by air. He first overcame the simplest of these, as was to have been expected. He next busied himself to devising various kinds of water craft and progressed to navigation of the seas; and now after centuries of ineffective struggle he is beginning the conquest of the air. Of the three methods of travel, this (by air) can be easily seen to be the most simplest, as the atmosphere envelops the entire earth's surface, and requires no specially-constructed highways nor limitations of journeys such as make costly all efficient transportation on land or water. Thus sooner or later mankind must conquer this last highway of the world.

Aerial navigation offers little prospect of ever becoming safe to the extent of relieving those who do not take the common every day chances of life and death. But it does promise that its hazards will never exceed the fatalities of modern transportation. The railroads of the United States alone show an annual toll of 12,000 persons killed and 72,000 injured. The thought of one individual tumbling from the skies, grips harder in the popular imagination than the slaughter of scores in railway accidents, or the drowning of a few hundred in a shipwreck, for example take the Titanic disaster which caused close to 2,000 lives to be swept from this earth in a few hours. And yet out of more than 15,000 aviators flying today, only 215 have been killed since the death of Otto Lillienthan, in 1896.



## Across the Continent

(Continued)

The beautiful country at Mammoth was soon left behind, and we entered a wild, wonderful territory.

We climbed higher and higher as we went farther into the Park. At the third mile-post we learned that we had ascended one thousand feet. This fact was very surprising, because the roads had been so well graded that the remarkable rise was almost unnoticed.

The mile-posts in Yellowstone Park are very interesting. They are white with black lettering. They inform the traveler of the distance from Mammoth, and the altitude.

The Hoodoo Rocks are the first objects of marked interest passed. They are of a silvery-grey formation, and are very large. They present a weird and chaotic spectacle, for they are in every shape and position imaginable.

The road seems to lose itself among them, then suddenly, to find itself, after winding through Silver Gate, a narrow passage between two great "Hoodoos".

We then wound along the side of a gorge, and passed Golden Gate, which is highly colored as the name implies. Here the gorge becomes very narrow. A concrete and steel viaduct has been built to provide a passage for vehicles.

Rustic Fall adds beauty to the spot and completes a charming picture.

Beyond Golden Gate we entered Swan Lake Valley. Far to the north Electric Peak could be seen. In the west the great snow capped Gallatin Mountains rose majestically.

The road returned soon to the mountains, and we made a short stop at Apollinaris Spring.

Not long after the drive was resumed, we passed Obsidian Cliff, a mountain side of black volcanic glass.

When it was learned that a road must be built at the foot of this cliff, a very unusual problem presented itself, for the glass was too hard to be blasted. After many attempts had been made to break this formation, as a last re-

sort, great fires were built. When the glass was sufficiently heated, cold water was dashed on it. This process was repeated until enough glass had been shattered to make room for a road. The pieces of glass were used in the construction of the road bed. Here is found the only glass road in the world.

At the foot of Obsidian Cliff lies Beaver Lake. All the stages of construction of a beaver dam are here in evidence. Near the bank is a beaver house which is still inhabited, but many of these wonderful little animals have died recently.

Leaving Beaver Lake we passed Roaring Mountain, a great hill of grey-white formation, from which innumerable columns of steam rise constantly. The muffled sound of escaping steam makes the name very appropriate.

Twin Lakes, a few miles beyond Roaring Mountain are very interesting. The first is green and the second, several feet lower, is turquoise blue. The coloring is caused by a peculiar clay bottom.

The mile-posts informed us that Norris Lunch Station was near and soon the coaches turned into a lane and stopped before a large red building.

We had ridden twenty miles, and every member of the party seemed to enjoy the prospect of lunch, for we had heard many pleasant things about Norris lunches. Ours was no exception. One feature was warm gingerbread for which the station is famous. No one who has been to Yellowstone Park will forget the gingerbread found here.

After lunch a guide took us over the Norris Geyser Basin. There are many boiling pools and geysers among which Constant, Minute Man, Monarch, and Mud Geysers are the most important.

The only steam geyser in the park, the Black Grovler is in the basin.

We reentered the coaches after our walk through the weird territory.

Congress Pool next claimed our attention. This boiling spring, it is said, will soon become a very powerful geyser.

During the afternoon drive of twenty miles we passed through a wild and beautiful valley called Elk Park, on through the Gibbon Canyon, the Firehole River Valley to the Lower Geyser Basin and the Fountain Hotel.

The feature of the Lower Geyser Basin is Fountain Geyser. Its crater is thirty feet in diameter and a column of boiling water is thrown seventy-five feet into the air every six hours.

Not far from the Fountain are the Mammoth Paint Pots. They are boiling pools of a mor-

most powerful in the Park region, but the periods of activity are very irregular. The last was in the Spring and Summer of eighteen eighty-eight, when with no warning except an increase in the volume of steam, which rises constantly from the crater, there were three terrific subterranean explosions and a column of boiling water was hurled two hundred fifty feet into the air. Simular eruptions followed hourly for about six months, then suddenly ceased. At times great rocks were thrown from the crater and one lodged in Firehole River fully five hun-



A TYPICAL BOILING POOL

tar-like substance. Some are gray, others pink.

There was a rumor that some bears came down back of the hotel every morning. When we went out to see them, we found three large black bears entertaining a number of our party, with a quarrel.

A nine mile drive on this second day brought us to the Upper Geyser Basin the largest and most famous of all. The chief wonders of this drive are Excelsior Geyser, Prismatic Lake and Turquoise Spring.

When in eruption, Excelsior Geyser is the

dred feet distant.

Prismatic Lake is probably the largest and undoubtedly the most beautiful boiling spring in the world. In the center, the color of the water is deep blue gradually changing to green towards the bank. The shallower portions near the center are yellow fading into orange in some places. The bank is a sort of rim, outside which is a bright red deposit, which shades into purples, browns and greys. Outside the rim there is a great quantity of the white formation so frequently found in the Park region.



Turquoise Spring, as the name implies is a boiling pool, a beautiful transparent blue in color.

As we approached the Upper Geyser Basin, each member of the Pennsylvania party began to look for the first glimpse of Old Faithful Inn.

The great rustic structure at last came into view and soon the coaches drew up under the great porte-cochère.

Old faithful Inn is almost as great an attraction for Yellowstone Park as the geysers or the Grand Canyon.

The Inn is constructed of logs and boulders. The quaint and marvelous way in which these are used to gain artistic effects is indeed wonderful. In the Park and especially in the Knotted Forest, many irregularities in tree growth are found. These have been used a great deal and to them is due much of the originality.

The office or lobby is a room seventy-five feet square and it extends upward ninety-two feet, to the peak of the roof. A huge chimney constructed of lava stone is near one side of this room. A great clock is fastened on one face of the chimney which is sixteen feet square and contains eight fire places. There is a large one on each side and a small one in each corner.

Large balconies of log construction surround the great room on three sides to form the second and third stories and other smaller balconies are above these. One, the Crow's Nest, is an open log room up at the very top of the building. From this one may look down on the balconies and far below to the office.

The dining-room is sixty feet square and is also open to the roof. In another lava stone fireplace at the end an old fashioned spit and oven have been constructed. One side of the dining-room is almost entirely of plate glass windows. From these the hourly eruptions of Old Faithful Geyser may be seen.

The massive doors of the entrance and of the dining-room attract attention. The hinges and also the clock on the chimney were forged by hand from bar iron.

The lights too are interesting. They are

electric candles. In the dining-room pieces of logs are crossed and the candles placed on them to form chandeliers. In the lobby and in the balconies the candles, put in every possible nook and corner, furnish a soft, beautiful light.

The sleeping rooms are of log structure or of natural, unplanned, unpainted pine. They are furnished in the Arts and Crafts style and with the flowered curtains at the French windows they are very effective and unique.

On top of the hotel is a search light platform, from which a search light is turned on Old Faithful Geyser every evening. On the platform there are eight flag staffs from which the flags of different nations float constantly. Near the search light is a huge bell connected with a rope, which hangs down into the lobby. The bell is rung whenever there is any interesting or extraordinary event nearby.

Several curio shops and small stores are connected with the hotel.

The morning we reached the Upper Basin was cold and rainy and the warm, cozy atmosphere which enveloped the Inn was delightful. Many of the party gathered around the fireplace to tell stories or amuse themselves in some other way, till it was time for Old Faithful to erupt.

Every visitor here is very impatient to see this venerable old geyser and we were not exceptions. We did not have long to wait, however, for in a short time it was announced that it was time to go up on the piazza or the porte-cochère from which the best day-light view can be obtained.

We had scarcely reached this vantage point when with a few little puffs of steam as a warning a column of water was sent one hundred and fifty feet into the air from the rather insignificant looking crater which we had been told was Old Faithful. The geyser played for several minutes then became as quiet as before.

We returned to the fireside and the bell soon summoned us to lunch.

The rain had stopped by two o'clock and we joined a party which was starting to see the Geyser Basin.

(To be continued.)

## The Diary of Mr. A. V. Ator.

Aug. 23 5.31 P. M.

I can distinguish a clear field at a distance of two miles or more. This 6000 foot altitude will allow me to glide that distance by keeping her as level as possible.

5.33 P. M.

Gee! That was some dip. Just before straightening out, I made the most perpendicular spiral of my flying days, which was caused by this unbalanced machine. By good fortune the field I picked was a very smooth one, and I managed a good landing.

I was about to leave the field when I observed Gus rushing over to me at top speed. He had followed me by automobile, and saw me at a distance when I made the vertical glide. He was told on the way—by some joker—that I had fallen 2000 feet, my machine was demolished and that I was being rushed to the hospital. On seeing me walking away unaided from my "complete" machine, he was so tickled that he smashed his new panama over my head. In one way I agreed to his method of greeting me from escaping injury, but in another I did not.

Aug. 24.

Have been trying all day to get high power gasoline, but have not succeeded. Gus and I think it more profitable to return to Mineola with this bum 'plane and repair my old Curtiss "boot".

Aug. 28 10 A. M.

Just arrived at Medina, N. Y., where we have a two day engagement to fly at the fair and carnival. Have my old Curtiss 'plane again. Before I left Mineola I remodeled it making it into a military Curtiss, latest type. I can now get off sooner and climb faster, which will enable me to get out of most any small field.

Aug. 28 1 P. M.

Gee! This is a swell town. On our arrival we were met at the station with an automobile and a brass band. We were then paraded thru the

main streets, with a large crowd and my 'plane—which the aviation mad people had adorned with numberless banners—in our rear. The automobile was left at my disposal and I was made a member of the Chamber of Commerce. Honest! I felt like a king.

Aug. 29 10 A. M.

Am about ready to make my first flight. Have been introduced to the crowd and they are cheering their heads off.

10.20 A. M.

Just landed after a 17 minutes flight. 'Plane flies like a duck, but motor is a trifle weak to lift my 175 pounds.

5.30 P. M.

Made another flight of 20 minutes duration this afternoon, and I gained a 1000 foot altitude. The town has gone wild. When I landed the spectators almost carried me off on their shoulders.

Aug. 30.

Made two more 18 minutes flights to-day and I fought some battle against this 40 mile gale, in which I was tossed about in the air as a cork is on a rough sea. I attempted to land several times before I succeeded in doing so, because of the side wind which drifted me in each trial. Gee! It is great to work with a good outfit; also to collect *all* of the "bacon".

Sept. 2

Arrived at Waterville, Me., where I am to fly twice daily at the fair. Before I flew I did not receive such a royal welcome as I did at Medina, because every aviator that has been to this state up to date has failed to make good. Naturally the general opinion went against me.

Sept. 3

Made two flights yesterday and one and one half to-day. As I started on my last flight a suction got the best of me because of insufficient power. Just before I left the ground I felt myself being rapidly sucked downward. I tugged at the controls with the object of climbing out of



danger, but I continued to sink until I struck a telephone wire. This sudden stop caused the machine to turn over on her nose and fall between two sheds. I thought rapidly and I decided to jump before I crashed down with the machine to the ground below. Fortunately I landed on a pile of straw narrowly missing a young fellow who was leading a race horse. My rapid descent frightened his horse and after I having such a narrow escape from death, this rube shouted at me, "Hey, there, what do you mean by scaring my hoss?" Well my aeroplane is again reduced to souvenirs. But I knew that my good fortune could not continue long and that something would happen soon. And it did.

Oct. 1.

Am back in Mineola "constructing" again. I signed contracts to-day with "Tod" (sometimes called "Slim") Shrives, to fly in South America and Porto Rico with him as a partner.

Oct. 10.

Just arrived at San Juan, Porto Rico, after a most delightful journey of five days from New York.

Oct. 13.

Made three flights over the city of San Juan to-day. This (the Switzerland of the East) is the most beautiful country I have ever flown over. The numerous old Spanish houses make the scenery most perfect.

Oct. 14.

Made two more flights to-day. We go by automobile to Oreciba, to-morrow morning.

Oct. 16.

I just landed after a good flight in a strong wind. The mayor of the city was so pleased with my performance that he just hugged me after I descended.

Oct. 17.

The chief of police, the governor, the mayor, the Ambassador of Spain and all the people of high rank are my best friends. They gave a banquet in my honor last evening. Even the bootblacks wish to shine my shoes for nothing

but the honor. Gee! I am not accustomed to this life and if it continues I am afraid that I shall get a "swelled head" before I return to the States.

Oct. 20.

Arrived at Ponce this morning. Am booked to fly this P. M.

Made a fine flight over city of Ponce. "Tod" who fractured a limb several months ago in a nasty fall, threw away his crutches yesterday. He has the fever to fly again but he is not capable of doing so because of his condition. We tried to persuade him not to attempt flying just yet, but he will not listen. He insists on making a very short flight to get the "feel" of the air again.

3.30 P. M.

After all our arguing against his plane "Tod" has just left the ground. He handles her very well on the straightaway, but may have difficulty in making the turn. As I expected his bank was too great and he is losing control. Heavens! He is descending at the death angle. I can already hear the fatal crash!

C. H. S.

To be continued in "Aviation Number" Oread.

### The Brook.

Down in a lonely, shaded forest nook,  
Where the sunbeams and moon-light hardly ever  
play,  
All nicely sheltered from the heat of day,  
There springs the noisy, rushing, babbling brook.  
Where the eye of man would scarcely ever look,  
There lying near a rock the trout doth stay,  
All hidden by the mist and sparkling spray,  
Quite safely sheltered from the net and hook.  
When gleaming 'neath the summer moon she  
lies,  
I hear in weird and ghostly fantasy,  
The wood-elfs' lonely, weird and staying cries.  
"Oh pretty maiden, wherefore flowest thee?"  
But flowing on she laughingly replies,  
"Onward, onward to join the foaming sea."

L. R. Branchand, '14

### Charlotte's Jack-o'-Lantern

All the girls but one at Edith's Hallowe'en party had been down the cellar stairs backwards with a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other.

Charlotte had said that it was perfect nonsense for girls of their age to go down stairs that way and see an old jack-o'-lantern for a future husband.

After much persuasion she gave in. "I hope you meet him, Charlotte," said Edith as she left the room to see about the refreshments of the evening.

When the girls had waited about three minutes they were suddenly surprised to see Charlotte come running up the stairs. She was followed by a young man.

He was certainly as much if not more, surprised than they when he ran into fifteen girls. None of them knew him and finally Charlotte said, "But—who are you?"

At that moment Edith entered the room to announce that their lunch was ready. Seeing the young man she cried "Oh cousin Arthur where from and when did you come?"

He explained that he was a senior at a nearby college and that having a few days vacation he had decided to make a surprise visit to his cousin.

Upon arriving at the house, which he found lighted throughout, he surmised that a Hallowe'en party was being held. So as not to interrupt it he had decided to go in the back way.

Mistaking the cellar door for that of the kitchen he entered and just as he reached the bottom step whom should he see but a girl with a mirror in one hand and a candle in the other.

It happened that his face was reflected in the mirror which surprised the girl.

All the girls thought it was a great joke and called him "Charlotte's Jack-o'-lantern."

One year later a number of girls received invitations to the wedding of Charlotte and her "Jack-o'-lantern."

'14.

### The Play.

The play is over and everybody feels, not simply well but, better, though, for a moment at the matinee, everybody held their breath for fear the mantelpiece would "bring the house down". Carothers saved the situation beautifully and in so doing "brought the house down" in fine style. To be sure 'twas a "ticklish" situation so 'twas no wonder we all laughed and applauded to the echo the gracious acting that saved everything but the mirror, and rumor has it that even it was rescued by Hans and Fred just after they had come in from their daily ride. There was one other thing that was preserved by the good work of the cast: the reputation of the class for its ability not only to meet the demands of the play of its choice but to please its audience as well. No one needs to be told that the audiences were pleased, to hear and see them was enough, without looking at the manager's account of \$371.78 net proceeds. That the demands of the play were met by the players everybody is agreed and what more could be asked? From the first ringing up of the curtain on Fred's room at Clearfield college to its final fall on Hans's lost-but-found trombone, each farcical situation followed swiftly on the heels of the next and one had hardly time to catch breath from one fit of laughter before the next one came.

And this was true whether Pa Spencer was trying to keep up with Fred's "explanations", or Ma Spencer was simperingly anxious to have the "Count" become a member of her family; whether Dolly was tiptilting her nose at the smell of oil or Hans was sputtering German "over his daily ride on horseback and the loss of his beloved trombone", whether George was pulled one way by his fear of losing Dolly and another way by his friendship for George, or Miss Snap, in true detective style was working the "third degree" on Pa Spencer; whether Richard, the perfect "man", was keeping the whole house in smooth-running order, or Fred, the scapegrace son, was making everybody sit up and take notice of his entangling "explana-



tions". Each one looked his part and played it, and that is the perfection of acting.

But now the curtain is down, the wigs have been laid aside, the trombone sounds no more, the "socks" have been put away the lights are all out, and "The Private Tutor" is only a memory. It will always be a pleasant memory, bringing a ripple of laughter to our lips, and calling up a picture of the bright faces of the actors who, under the direction of their faithful trainer, gave us so merry an evening. "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

### Report of the Play.

#### GROSS PROCEEDS.

Ads on program .....	\$12 25
Opera House (evening) .....	216 30
Opera House (matinee) .....	41 85
Exchange tickets .....	118 00
Dance .....	82 50

Total ..... \$470 90

#### EXPENSES.

Advertising and printing .....	\$13 50
Orchestra .....	21 00
Coach .....	35 00
Dance hall .....	11 00
Opera House help .....	4 00
Costumes .....	12 12
Miscellaneous .....	2 50

Total ..... \$99 12

Gross Proceeds .....	\$470 90
Expenses .....	99 12

Net proceeds ..... \$371 78

### What and Where Among the Alumni.

Robert McCammon, '11, from Dartmouth College; Rollin Burditt, '10, from Norwich University; Harold Peck, '12, from Albany Medical College; Asa Bloomer, '08, from U. V. M.; Irene

Copps, '11, from Smith College; Arthur Levy, '12, from U. V. M.; Florence Butler, '11, from Middlebury College; Lloyd Aldrich, '11, from Tufts College; Dorothy Sawyer, '12, from Bradford's Academy; Charles Jones, '11, from Middlebury; Mary Borah, '11, from Clarendon Springs; Carroll Ross, '12, from Middlebury; Doris Gardner, Russell Bates, Harry Johnson, Bob Watkins, Carl Perkins, Belle Hayward and Evalyn Weir, all of 1911; Gladys Adams and Harriett Pundy, '10; Clyde Brislin, Ethel Adams, Vera Eitapence, Constance Dana, Clayton Kinney, Fred and Frank Hinchey, of the class of 1912 were among those present at the football game on Thanksgiving Day.

Leah Coates, '08, has a position with the Baxter National Bank.

Helen Martin, '11, who attends Simmons College at Boston is spending the Thanksgiving recess with her parents on Church St.

Charles Morse Jr., '12, accompanied by Pat Hurley of U. V. M. spent the Thanksgiving vacation in Rutland and Cuttingsville.

Edward Pease, '08, Rollin Worden, '09, and Arthur Ellis, '08, from U. V. M. spent the Thanksgiving recess at their homes in this city.

Leo Canty '11, Guy Chase '10, Lawrence Jones '12, Ernest Gilbert '11, John Hough '10, Dwyer Spellman '08, Lindley Squires '10, Arthur Slade '10, Fred Platt '08, and Carl Brehmer '10, were on the Alumni team which played the High School Independents on Thanksgiving.

Ednah Burroughs, '12, who is teaching in West Chesterfield, N. H. is at her home during the Thanksgiving recess.

Harry Williams, '09, of Middlebury; John Moloney, '11, of Dartmouth; Frances Dunn, '12, of Smith; Florence O'Neil, '11, of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston; Gale Proctor, '10, of Pratt Institute; Mildred Durfee, '11, of Florence; Willard Smith, '11, Harry Holden, '11, of U. V. M.; Adelaide Ross, '10, Annie Hulihan, '11, and Harriett Grandy, '11, of Middlebury College; Mildred Leffingwell, '08, of Brandon; Richard Creed and Robert Anthony, '12, of Norwich; Ruth Chalmers, '11, of Mt.

Holyoke; Hyman Abraham, '12, of Dartmouth; Charlotte McQuirk, '11, of Mendon; and John Cootey, '12, of U. V. M. spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their homes.

Dorothy Miller '12, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with friends in Rochester, N. Y.

The following alumni were among those present at the Rutland High School Play of the Class of 1913 and the dance. From the class of 1912: Orris Ballou, Ned Curtis, Margaret Earle, Hyman Abraham, Ethel Adams, John Cootey, Charles Morse Jr., Mildred Egleston, Vera Eitapence, Hannibal Hodges, Frank Holmes, Lawrence Jones, Clayton Kinney, Idah Loomis, Laura Newton, Hazel Pearsons, Ruth Pratt, Harold Peck, "Billy" Pease, Mary Russel, Carroll Ross, Dorothy Sawyer and Jessie Smith. From the class of 1911: Lloyd Aldrich, Mary Borah, Florence Butler, Russell Bates, John Cocklin, Doris Gardner, Ernest Gilbert, Cathleen Grinnell, Belle Hayward, Harry Holden, Harry Johnson, Charles Jones, Helen Martin, Jack Moloney, Robert McCammon, Florence O'Neil and Willard Smith. From the class of 1910: Carl Brehmer, Rollin Burditt, Ednah Kennedy, Gale Proctor, Harriett Purdy, Esme Smith, and Mildred Grinnell. Ned Shaw and Harry Williams of the class of 1909. Asa Bloomer, Fred Platt, and Dwyer Spellman, class of 1908.

Molly Pearsons '05, from Montreal was at her home in Cuttingsville for Thanksgiving.

Otis Edson, '08, who has been in Burlington will go to St. Augustine, Florida, where he will do orchestra work at the Ponce De Leon.

Anna Mullen, '12, has returned from Montpelier to her home in West Rutland.

Molly Pearsons, '05, has a position in Montpelier.

Fred Platt, '08, from Dartmouth and Fred Stafford, '10, from Amherst, after spending a few days at their homes have returned to resume their studies.

Ivor S. MacFarlane, '02, who has resigned his position as treasurer of the Marble Savings

Bank in this city, will go to Holtan, Kansas, where he has accepted a position as treasurer of the Rafter Farm Mortgage Co., Mr. MacFarlane was president of his class in R. H. S. and president of his sophomore class in U. V. M. Also a member of Delta Psi.

Harry Holden, '11, a student at U. V. M., spent the week end at his home.

Fred Hinchey, '12, has a position in one of the Rutland Railroad offices.

Miss Charlotte Myers who graduated from the Rutland High School Teachers Training Course last June has taken a school in Florence.

Marguelite Poronton '10, is teaching in the Rutland Business College.

Jack Crowley, '10, has returned to Cornell College.

Rollin Burditt, '10, who is employed by the Rutland Railroad expects to re-enter Norwich in October.

## Athletic Notes

C. R. A. C. 3, R. H. S. 0.

On Saturday, November 14, Rutland High played its last "official" game of the season with the Center Rutland Athletic Club. It was a close and interesting game, neither side having any decided advantage although the playing was mostly in the visitors' territory during the first two periods. Soon after the beginning of the second half, however, Stockwell, who played a brilliant game for the Athletic Club, penetrated the High School line and, the secondary defense failing to stop him, ran forty five yards for a touchdown. He failed to kick the following goal. Previous to, and following this, the School's goal line was never threatened. But, in the last period, successive rushes and forward passes by them carried the ball down to the Athletic Club's two yard line where they were held for downs. Upon getting possession of the ball the visitors started to rush it out of danger but a fumble by one of their men was recovered by H. Purdy



on the five yard line. Yet even with four downs in which to make the distance they could not put the ball over the line. This failure may be accounted for by the fact that there is a slope of about forty-five degrees under this particular goal post, making it well-nigh impossible to score, especially when the team on the defensive out-weighs their opponents as was the case at that time. After this failure the Center Rutland boys carried the ball down the field, it being in their possession on their thirty yard line when the game ended. For the High School, Capt. Lynch and Burke played their usual good game, while Fred Burke, Torkelson, and Stockwell were the stars of the Athletic Club's aggregation.

The line-up:

Litchfield r. e. . . . . r. e. H. Shedd  
 Davis r. t. . . . . r. t. Ghio  
 Miner r. g. . . . . r. g. Comesky  
 Pearsons c. . . . . c. Marglioni  
 Canty l. g. . . . . l. g. Richards  
 Wing l. t. . . . . l. t. Mack  
 E. Purdy l. e. . . . . l. e. Nelson  
 Burke q. b. . . . . q. b. Terenzini  
 H. Purdy rhb. . . . . rhb. Torkelson  
 Fuller lhb. . . . . lhb. Burke  
 Lynch Capt. f. b. . . . . f. b. Stockwell

Summary: Score C. R. A. C. 6, R. H. S. 0; Touchdown Stockwell; referee, Gilbert; umpire, Navin; timers, Brislin and Norton; head-linesman, Elworth. Time of periods, 15 minutes. Attendance 1,000.

Following this game the team broke training as all the scheduled games had been played, but shortly before Thanksgiving Day they were challenged to a game by the Alumni. So the team again donned their togs and had the misfortune to be defeated 3-0. The three points were scored by Chase, a former School star, by means of a place-kick from the twenty-yard line. The Alumni were forced to hold consultations every little while to figure out their signals but aside from this the game was fast and interesting. The forward pass was worked with con-

siderable success by the School team who also gained ground consistently through the right side of their opponents line. The game was witnessed by a large number of graduates and undergraduates. The former seemed to be greatly elated over the defeat of their Alma Mater but the only satisfaction the latter got was to see several of the winners go home with bruised and swollen optics and to think how nice the whole team would feel the next night when the big stunt of the Seniors' was pulled off. Burke put up his usual fine game at quarter for the High School while Chase, Gilbert and Jones played good football for the Alumni.

The line-up:

Litchfield r. e. . . . . r. e. Platt  
 Davis r. t. . . . . r. t. Hough  
 Miner r. g. . . . . r. g. Squires  
 Pearsons c. . . . . c. Jones  
 W. Canty l. g. . . . . l. g. Slade  
 Wing l. t. . . . . l. t. Catozzi  
 E. Purdy l. e. . . . . l. e. Spellman  
 Burke q. b. . . . . q. b. Chase  
 H. Purdy rhb. . . . . rhb. E. Gilbert  
 Fuller lhb. . . . . lhb. Brehmer  
 M. Gilbert f. b. . . . . f. b. Canty

Summary: R. H. S. A. 3, R. H. S. 0; Field goal Chase; Referee- Stockwell; Umpire-Bragg; Timers-McCammon and Brislin; Linesmen-Norton and Elworth. Time of periods 8 minutes Attendance 750.

This game wound up the football season and as Professor Thomas says it has been the most successful one since he came here the captain, manager, coach and players are to be congratulated.

But this Fall, unlike previous years, football has not been the only form of athletics indulged in by the students of Rutland High. For, through the efforts of Shippey, 1913, cross-country running was introduced. Work-outs were held once or twice a week, everyone being urged to join in. Finally a race was held for the championship of the School. Shippey ruled a prime favorite, but after the first mile had been covered, Jones,

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whose brother formerly "did things" for R. H. S., drew steadily away from the rest of the field and was never headed. The first five to finish were Jones 1915, Shippey 1913, Moore 1914, Durfee 1914, and Rowe 1914. These men were given their cRe, just why, none of the "wise ones" have been able to explain as they were not competing with any rival school.

## Class Echoes

1913

Miss Newton thinks Shaw is naturally slow. Litchfield.—"I never felt the kiss of love nor maiden's hand in mine."

L. is very bashful.

Miss R.—What is a deluge?

Lavallee.—Imagination.

Miss Purdon.—"White, for what purpose did men live in the Middle Ages?"

White—"Because they had to."

Lost—"A sponge." If found return to Room C.

Litchfield—"You asked where you were before breakfast."

Miss Purdon—"Why was Richard raving around the continent?"

Miss R.—"Looking for trouble."

D. S. trans. German—"You walked from here to Perth on foot."

Miss T.—"You don't walk on your hands, do you?"

Mr. T.—"If you set a hen, what would you call her?"

Spaulding—"A sitting hen."

The third period bookkeeping class does not believe in working over time.

Davis, (in meeting of the cheering squad);—"Let's give the serene (siren)."

We would like to have Mr. Flagg understand that Room C is not a hair dressing parlor during the third period.

Ask Miss R—s, Room A, if she enjoyed sitting on a rock Sunday, Nov. 10, 1912.

1914

Miss M. (to D—son);—"Please pass this to Miss H." (D—son looks blank).

Miss M.—"Well, shall I give you an introduction?"

G. L. (in Cicero);—"Mihi credite.—Take it from me!"

D. S. (translating German);—"It's all the same to me who stands on his head."

Sight translation a la Cicero class.

"These boys so pretty and delicate learned not only to love and be loved, to sing and dance, but also to wave daggers and to—er—a—(spargere)—"

C. C. (prompter), in stage whisper;—"Spark, you, spark!"

We learn something every day. K. K. folds a round piece of paper cornerwise!

We are surprised to hear that C. S. wrote a theme on paper.

Does Miss Rhines agree with Coolidge on the sentence: "On the other hand, a horse is strictly unreliable"?

1915

Proctor; (reading Old English). "After rising we prepared our souls for breakfast."

The Puritans must have taken Domestic Science of Miss Hosley.

Barret;—"Paradise was lost in 1667!"

Miss Button;—"Why was Jefferson called 'the Sage of Monticello'?"

Lyman;—"Monticello was a big gambling city in Europe and Jefferson lived there."

Miss B.—"What is the motto on the Seal of the United States?"

Dawson—"Don't give up the ship."

S. C.—"Oh dear! I must wash my hands. Where are they?"

Looks bad for Miss C—!!

1916

Teacher in Latin;—"Give latin word for brother."

McMinn;—"Fraternity."

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Miss P.—“Name the goddesses.”

P. K.—“Athene was goddess of Domestic Science.”

Inquire of D. B. how to leap barb wire fences in the dark.

Inquire of Root what was his object of removing two coats on the evening of Nov. 19.

Was it too warm?



The Oread gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges and hopes to see them again: “The Advance”, “The Blue and Gray”, “The Bostonian”, “The Cazenovian”, “The Chronicle”, “The Columbia Collegian”, “The Daleville Leader”, “The Hermonite”, “The High School Herald”, “The High School Recorder”, “The Lemon and Black”, “The Magpie”, “The Odessaite”, “The Odyssey”, “The Ogdensburg Academy”, “Old Hughes”, “The Olympus”, “Onas”, “The Owl”, “The Pennant”, “The Racquet”, “The Recorder”, “The Red and Black”, “The Register”, “The Searchlight”, “The Spectator”, “The Sphinx”, “Tolo”, “Totem”, “The Vermont Academy Life”, “The Vermont Cynis”, “The Yahara”.

Among this list are many new papers which receive a hearty welcome. These are; “The Blue and Gray”, “The Daleville Leader”, “The Odyssey”, “The Odessaite”, “The Red and Black”, “The Yahara”, “The Olympus”, “The Bostonian”, “The High School Recorder”, “The Columbia Collegian”.

“The Lemon and Black.”—Your departments are well balanced. Your editorial for November is very good.

We are proud to find such an excellent paper as the “Magpie” among our exchanges.

“The Ogdensburg Academy.”—Your paper would be much more interesting if more attention was paid to the exchanges.

“The Olympus.”—Your story “Mrs. Casey on Football” is very cleverly written.

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